

AST DEFENCE IN EAST NORFOLK (Illustrated). By Robert Gurney.
VE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By Isabel Butchart.

COUNTRY LIFE

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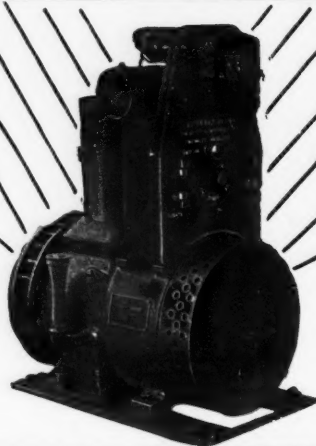
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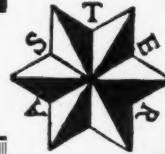
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COUNTRY LIFE

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HUGH CECIL.

THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

IMPROVEMENT OF WATERCOURSES

IN our "Correspondence" columns this week there is a letter from Mr. Whitfield, a drainage surveyor, who puts a question that must have considerable interest for many people at the present moment. He tells us that his committee is considering the improvement of the rivers of the county and proposes to cut the weeds and scour and cleanse the courses. But many of the rivers have fishing rights of considerable value, and he wrote to ask what would happen to the trout if the weeds were killed, the fallen trees pulled out, and the floating wrack and mud shoals dealt with.

There was little need for anxiety on his part. All that is contemplated will tend rather to improve the fishing than to injure it. An excellent authority to whom we referred the question has only one suggestion to make, and that is that these proceedings should not take place during the spawning season, when they would infallibly have an effect on the fishing, otherwise, although sternly opposed to anything in the shape of allowing a river to become the channel for taking away poisonous and other refuse from mills, he says the clearing of the watercourse will have an ultimate and permanent effect of improving fishing. He points out that the removal of the mud would

tend to lessen the number of eels in the river, and eels are very great enemies to trout, devouring eggs and spawn whenever they can get at them. In mountainous country the necessary cleaning of the river is done by the floods, which come down with great impetuosity and sweep all aggregations of rubbish seaward.

The Ministry of Agriculture has been discussing the same question with special reference to the Land Drainage (Ouse) Provisional Order Act. This measure has just become law, and is important as the first result of the policy initiated by the Government in 1918. There is no doubt that the condition of a vast majority of the rivers of England is lamentable. As we have had occasion to point out more than once, there has been in the past a division of authority which once more exemplified the truth of the old adage that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The shunting of responsibility becomes a fine art as soon as there are two people to answer for neglect instead of one. It is always "the other" who gets the blame. The official exponent of the views of the Ministry discusses at some length the principles on which the expense of clearing the rivers is met. His first vital principle is that there must be no taxation without benefit; that is to say, the highlands within a watershed must not be rated for the benefit of the water running away from their land. The complement to this is that there should be no benefit without taxation. All land benefited by drainage works must contribute to the upkeep of the whole of the river till it merges into the sea. The new principles introduced into the Bill scarcely admit of discussion or objection. The only qualification for voting at Drainage Board elections is the occupation of land in the district and the payment of rates. Owners of not less than ten acres and occupiers of not less than twenty acres are eligible for membership of the Drainage Board. It is a very good arrangement by which the County Councils are able to nominate a small proportion of members.

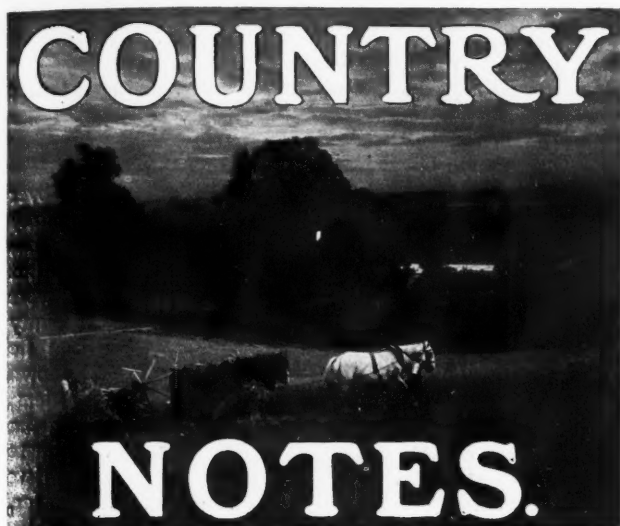
We are very glad to learn that the Ministry has no intention of stopping at the Ouse. This is only the beginning of a good work. The next rivers to be dealt with appear to be the Yorkshire Ouse and the Derwent. A Drainage Board for them is being created, and Yorkshire farmers are invited to give their attention to the subject. They should not neglect the opportunity, because in the immediate past very great loss has been traced to the neglect of the rivers. A farmer may lose in a single flood produce the expense of which would not be met by many years of the rates which he is called upon to pay. But those who own land should not be in the slightest degree content with the improvement of the river, and when a good channel is established the next thing to aim at is that the surface water should be drained into it as speedily and as effectively as possible. There are very few farms in this country which do not in some degree lose their cropping capacity owing to defective drainage. Standing water is about as fatal an enemy to fertility as exists. Even the wheat plant, that will stand up against frost and snow and most of the other vagaries of our climate, quickly goes to ruin if it is submerged, or even if its roots are kept too long standing in a watery bed.

The river, regardless of the different counties through which it may flow, is to be taken as the unit of administration. A generous co-operation and readiness to give and take on the part of the many whose interests must necessarily be somewhat opposed are essential to the success of the enterprise, which must add greatly to agricultural prosperity in many low-lying districts.

Our Frontispiece

THE portrait given on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE is of the Countess of Rocksavage. A daughter of the late Sir Edward Sassoon, she was married in 1913 to the Earl of Rocksavage, eldest son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and has a little son and daughter.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



IT is now being realised that, as we have continually foretold, the coming winter is going to be one of high prices. The necessities of life are steadily going up. Bread, which has long passed the shilling line, is likely to go to 1s. 4d. the quarter loaf. Milk and meat are dearer, the additional cost of petrol being made responsible for an addition of a penny per quart to the price of milk. Railway travelling is a great expense to those who are obliged to do a certain amount of it for the purpose of earning a living. The increase in fares must ultimately check travelling which is undertaken solely for pleasure. Everybody seems to be of the opinion that whatever may be the outcome of the coal strike the consumer will not benefit. He knows that an increase has already been decided upon, and, if the contention of the miners be accepted, what is taken off the coal will only come back on the rates and taxes. In these circumstances it may not be yet too late to urge economy in the use of such necessities of life as are fairly abundant. Many people, for example, may be glad to use potatoes instead of bread before the next crop comes in.

IN the remarkable American book which is reviewed in another part of the paper the most striking feature is to be found in the sanguine optimism of the writer. He makes his "Kallyope" deliver the message "Tooting joy, tooting hope," meaning that the world is at present in labour and likely to bring forth a democracy which will make the earth the "very best world, Sir, that ever yet was known." This is excellent as a poet's dream, but one wonders if serious students of social phenomena are at all likely to share in this optimism. In most of the countries of the world the threat is one of dissolution, and although a similar state of things has prevailed often before in the history of the human race, the alarm may not always be a false one. We wish that we could see sober ground for believing that the world will emerge scatheless from the torrents and tempests through which it is trying to struggle at the present time.

IN connection with the epidemic of typhus which is spreading over the East of Europe, and probably has its worst centre in Russia, it should be remembered that the worst carrier of this disease is the louse. This is one of the minor horrors of the war which did not cease at the signing of the Armistice. In London statistics show that the number of children treated for lice is steadily on the increase. The number brought to cleansing stations averaged 45,700 during the years 1913 to 1916, but in 1917 the number had increased to 80,700, in 1918 to 95,000, and in 1919 to 105,500. Out of rather more than half a million children examined by nurses last year over 33,000 were verminous. At present London is not attacked by the disease, but these figures show that if this immunity is to be retained there must be a vigorous attempt made to get rid of body vermin. Heads can be cleansed now more easily than in the days when

hair-cutting was a necessary preliminary. A special shampoo and comb are all that are necessary.

IN our "Correspondence" pages this week a case is noticed which probably has many parallels. It illustrates the fact that a minimum wage, sooner or later, comes into conflict with economic law. In this case a man of good character was discharged because grief had made him temporarily inefficient. The man was just over fifty, an age at which the average farm labourer is on the decline as far as physical efficiency is concerned. If the farmer has to pay the utmost wage that he can afford, it is certain that the old men will suffer, as he will want as far as possible to get only those who are in the prime of life. But the most ominous feature of the story is the difficulty which the man found in getting employment. The farmers are annoyed at having had to pay men so much for wet days this year, and are making up for it by reducing their staffs as far as possible. There has also been a check to industry, and the handyman does not find an opening with the readiness to which he has grown accustomed since the beginning of the war. We are afraid that this points to considerable distress in the coming winter.

THE Annual Report of the River Tweed Commissioners is usually an interesting document and this year is no exception. It is reported that the number of persons proceeded against for poaching only amounted to seventy-five, a wonderfully small contingent, but the Commissioners are careful to point out that this does not show any decrease in poaching. Transgressors appear to have been held in check as much by the wet weather as by fear of the law. When they had the chance they seem to have poached as freely as ever. This they were enabled to do the more effectively owing to the lack of water-bailiffs. Another class of depredator was dealt with more drastically. The netting operations of grayling and other coarse fish resulted in over 5,000 being taken. The Commissioners hope that the removal of such large quantities will have some beneficial effect. It would, however, be interesting to know what the grayling fisher has to say to this. The Commissioners have again been communicating with the society which takes care of the sea birds on the Farne Islands. This year the chief subject of complaint is the cormorant. There can be no doubt of its guilt, and the request that the number of nests on the Farne Islands be diminished is not unreasonable.

THE ROAD-MENDER.

A friend of mine is bent and old
(A mender of roads on a Yorkshire wold),
His face is brown as the ploughed soil,
The furrows are deep and his hands know toil:
His corduroy coat is frayed and worn
And patches show where it has been torn.
Sometimes he nods with a sudden smile,
Sometimes we chat of birds for a while;
But he never gossips of folk, for he
Is full of a country-courtesy.
Lessen your speed as you motor by,
For work is long and dust is dry.
Oh! I shall be sad some too-near day
When my friend has gone from the wold highway.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

IT is not perhaps too fanciful to say that just now, at the time of the "Mayflower" celebrations, there was something particularly happy in the athletic meeting at Queen's Club between the British Empire and the United States. It was a great meeting of great athletes, carried out in the friendliest possible spirit, and having the most friendly and satisfactory possible ending—honours easy. Most of the events were in the shape of relay races, which are not only exceedingly dramatic, but contain that element of combination and reliance of the athlete on his comrade for which all sports are the better. To most of us this meeting must have seemed better than all the Olympic Games put together. That festival indeed, though we may have been keenly interested in the outstanding events, yet seems as a whole a little top heavy. There are so

many events, and however much we may thrill over the mile or the hundred, we grow weary of the swimming on the back or throwing the discus, even though the winning of them amasses just as many points. Saturday's meeting saw athletic sports at their best, shorn of the tedious throwing of heavy weights, full of rapid and graceful movement, brimming with excitement.

JUST when we were modestly preening ourselves on doing better than we anticipated in one branch of sport we have received an unexpectedly severe blow in another, as to which we were less humble. At the moment of writing there comes from New York a telegram as to the American Amateur Championship. Of our players Mr. Armour alone has qualified by score play among the select thirty-two who fight it out by matches. Mr. Tolley, our amateur champion, Mr. Wethered and Lord Charles Hope have failed. It is very disappointing that they should have fallen at this preliminary fence. Doubtless they were not at their very best in strange, if eminently friendly and hospitable, surroundings. But there can also be no doubt that the young American golfers of to-day are very good indeed. Years ago Mr. John Low warned us how good they would soon become, and declared prophetically that "already he heard the hooting of their steamers in the Mersey." Since then Mr. Ouimet, who beat Ray and Vardon seven years since, Mr. Gardner, who so frightened us at Muirfield, and others too, have further opened our eyes, and now we have certainly no excuse if they are not perfectly wide open. We can only wish Mr. Armour good luck and congratulate America on her young champions.

A GOOD deal has been written and spoken this summer against motor chars-à-bancs. There is also a great deal to be said for them, for they enable thousands of people to see the beauties of their own country in a very pleasant way. But our roads are not all well adapted to them, and on those that are not the drivers of chars-à-bancs must learn to use the utmost caution. A case at petty sessions in Merionethshire last week well illustrates this. The road that skirts the Dovey estuary is not wide and winds its way round numerous rocky headlands, with the result that there is a corresponding number of blind corners. It is a road on which any vehicle must proceed very carefully, and for a char-à-bancs to come thundering round such corners is wickedly dangerous. In the case in question it was only by the narrowest of margins that the driver of the char-à-bancs escaped from running down a motor bicyclist who was riding in a proper manner. Few will be found to disagree with the fine of £10 inflicted on him or with the homily delivered by the chairman of the bench, who is also a distinguished judge. This was to the effect that nobody grudged the holiday makers their drives, but that the drivers of chars-à-bancs using roads which were not well suited to such traffic must realise that it was their first duty to use them in such a way as not to interfere with the safety or comfort of other wayfarers.

A GOOD many of us have probably wished at one time or another that we had been made to learn shorthand in our youth. Now we are too old or too stupid or too lazy. We remember with terror the account of David Copperfield's struggles with the art—"the changes that were rung upon dots, the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles, the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs." At any rate, we have never had enough spirit to learn, but now encouragement comes to us from France, where a M. Raoul Duval has, it appears, invented a system called "Brevigraphy," for which he claims that it can be learnt in four hours. The interesting thing about it is that in place of the "marks like flies' legs" ordinary letters and punctuation marks are used, so that, knowing the rules, all the world can read any particular brevigrapher's writing. The four hours, we admit, we find it hard to swallow; but were the time forty instead of four, the invention would be a wonderfully valuable one. The stenographers of France are, it is said,

trying to stifle the new art by clamour, but that is as futile as was the breaking of machinery in earlier days by hand workers. If half that is claimed for "Brevigraphy" be true, it must conquer, and it would be a blessing that it should. As to the truth of the claims, we can for the moment only suspend judgment.

IT is surely permissible to be a little sentimental over the triumph of Middlesex in their captain's last county match. To one who has loved cricket as Mr. Warner has there must be an inevitable sadness in departure, but here was a great ending to make all the amends that were possible. He led his side to their first victory in the County Championship during his long captaincy, and had he himself made never a run, this would have been a "sundown splendid and serene." But, in fact, it was his own patient, skilful and courageous innings on the first day, when the Surrey bowlers were playing havoc, that made the ultimate triumph possible. And it was particularly appropriate that one distinguished not only as a player, but a leader, should have this crowning opportunity for leadership. Middlesex could only win on the last day by taking risks, by making all the runs they could as fast as they could, and then by giving Surrey a chance of winning in the hopes that they would lose. These dashing tactics were rewarded, and a victory that seemed impossible to gain in the time became an accomplished fact. Everybody was delighted; even probably the men of Surrey, and they played the game in the most gallant spirit. Had they chosen to "sit on the splice" they could very probably have made a draw of it, but they went out whole heartedly to get the runs in the time. They failed, and there never can have been a failure with less bitterness in it.

VIMY RIDGE.

From Arras, on the straight white road
Where all marched up, where some limped back,
Now, motor-load on motor-load,
The tourists mass for the attack.

Over each splintered track we trod,
Over each shelving trench we made,
Over each grass-grown space—Ah, God!—
Where dust of my friends in dust is laid,

Cheerful, loud-voiced battalions pass
Gorging the sights their money buys . . .
While you who are sleeping 'neath the grass,
You who have waked beyond the skies,

Keep everlasting silence. Yet
Are glad, maybe, when eve draws on,
When still'd the turmoil is, and fret,
And Arras chants her carillon,

When round-eyed children, with soft tread,
Draw near, and frame a diadem
Of glowing poppies, that are red
Because your blood has watered them.

GEOFFREY F. FYSON.

THAT fine building, the Athenaeum Club, has just been given a new face with paint and enamel, and whoever has been responsible for the colour scheme is to be congratulated. The Club, indeed, has never presented so delightful an appearance as it now does. The wall face has been painted a cement grey—a sort of French grey with a brown in it that redeems it from all the coldness of a steel-blue grey—and against this background the Panathenaic frieze stands out most admirably in white. The balcony with its fine sweep, the window architraves, and the pillared portico are also painted white; the tripods, the balcony railing and the presiding goddess, Minerva, being bronze green. The whole makes a most delightful colour scheme, and only one feature jars upon it, namely, the blind balustrade next the pavement, always displeasing in design and now made especially so by contrast with the work behind. The Club would be doing well to substitute a balustrade more in keeping with Decimus Burton's refined elevation.

WITH THE BUZZARD IN WALES

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BROOK.



THE COCK BUZZARD GIVING A YOUNG WILD DUCK TO ONE OF HIS YOUNG.

NATURE photographers who have attempted to depict the buzzard at the nest will, I think, agree with me when I say it is a most difficult bird to photograph. Individual birds of a species vary considerably in this respect. Some will return boldly to their nests, others are shy, notwithstanding the best of "hides"; but I have never yet found a buzzard easy to photograph, although I have tried to take many different pairs. On one occasion the hen bird settled on a branch of a mountain ash tree several feet away from the nest, and jerked a mole into it. According to my experience the buzzard only feeds its young for a week or ten days after they are hatched; from then onwards the food is deposited in

the nest and left for the youngsters to help themselves. The buzzard is a faithful parent, as the following occurrence will show. In July I motor-cycled some distance to take cinematograph pictures of two young buzzards. Upon climbing the tree I found the two young birds, which were nearly ready to fly, dead in the nest. I subsequently learned that they had been shot by a keeper some twelve hours before. In company with a friend I paid another visit to the same wood four days later to photograph a sparrowhawk and young. The buzzard's nest was only about fifty yards from the sparrowhawk's, and while my friend was endeavouring to take a few photographs of the latter bird, I sat beneath a thick bush overlooking the buzzard's nest, for the wood was on the side of a very steep hill. During



A YOUNG BUZZARD DEVOURS A DAINTY MORSEL.



THE HEN BUZZARD BRINGING A SPRAY OF MOUNTAIN ASH TO THE NEST.
This photograph, though not quite perfect, is probably unique.



THE HEN BUZZARD ALIGHTING AT THE NEST.

the four hours I remained there the hen buzzard, noticeably the larger of the pair, alighted upon the now empty nest—for I had removed the dead youngsters—fully half a dozen times and called plaintively. Two days later I again visited the sparrowhawk's nest to take a series of photographs, and several times heard the buzzard calling from the direction of its nest.

Taken as a species the buzzards are cowardly birds, but occasionally a pair may be met which are bold and aggressive in the extreme, where their nest is concerned. I recently watched an angry magpie make war upon a buzzard in quite an unusual manner. The former bird had a nest containing callow young in the larch wood from which I viewed the combat. The magpie flew up behind the buzzard, settled upon its back between the outstretched wings and pecked savagely, as several feathers which came floating downwards testified. Buteo cried out in pain and fear, meanwhile making for more congenial quarters as quickly as its ample wings could take it. The buzzard is given to advertising the situation of its nest by "mewing" and wheeling in the air above it upon the approach of a human being.

The period of incubation is about twenty-eight days, but this spring I had a pair of buzzards under observation which sat for thirty-five days to my knowledge, and the birds had commenced incubation when I found the nest. One puny young bird was hatched, but only lived a few hours, and the other egg contained a dead young one. This nest was in a very bleak situation, and the food supply was undoubtedly poor. The bird could not have had sufficient heat in its body properly to incubate the eggs.



THE YOUNG ONES.

five days at this particular nest, photographing and studying the buzzards' habits. It is quite exciting waiting for such a wary bird to return, and as they do not stay long at the nest every opportunity must be taken advantage of. One photograph at each of the birds' visits—if you are constantly on the alert—is the rule. The number of visits the birds make per day depends upon the supply of food. Upon a poor day, both from the young buzzards' and the photographer's point of view, the parents will only return to the nest four or five times. The young birds usually "give tongue" upon the approach of the old ones. During my sojourn the menu comprised moles, frogs, mice and shrews, a half-grown rat and several young wild ducks. When a frog, mouse or such-like dainty is brought

Should a buzzard have its nest robbed it will seldom lay again that season even though the eggs be fresh. This spring a keeper robbed a buzzard's nest during egg time; the birds built a new nest and remained in its vicinity for several weeks, but did not lay in it. Those who have seen any number of buzzards' nests cannot fail to have observed the sprays of fresh green leaves of various kinds which adorn them. These leaves—invariably brought by the hen bird so far as my observation goes—are deposited in the nests from the time the eggs are laid until the young buzzards take their departure.

The buzzard has become almost common in many parts of Wales. In fact, certain landowners, who when this bird was becoming rare afforded it every protection, have given orders for its numbers to be kept within limits. Buzzards' nests which are built upon cliffs lend themselves for photographic purposes much better than those in trees, and the accompanying photographs were taken in the former situation. I spent



THE COCK BUZZARD ALIGHTING AT THE NEST.



THE YOUNG BUZZARD'S FIRST REAL VIEW OF ITS FUTURE HOME.

to the nest it is quickly gobbled up by the young. A mole requires more negotiating and a sharper appetite. Carrion is also eaten by the buzzard, which, although it cannot be described as harmless, is not really a destructive bird. I have never been fortunate enough to have the pair of

buzzards visit the nest at the same time, but have had this happen with the sparrowhawk, kestrel, merlin and carrion crow. Young buzzards remain in the nest for about six weeks, and in Wales, where my observations have chiefly been made, they usually leave it about the second week of July.

THE OLD STAINED GLASS OF WINCHESTER

Ancient Glass in Winchester. by V. D. Le Couteur. (Warren and Son, Winchester.)

ON first thoughts, Winchester would not seem to be a pre-eminently good town for the purpose of a book confined to the examples of old stained glass to be found in one place; the parish churches contain but scanty remains, the earlier styles, such as the jewel-like windows of Canterbury and York, are wanting, and the Cathedral and College windows have been re-arranged, or worse than restored, or are else in such a fragmentary condition as to be unintelligible to the ordinary observer. But it is surprising how much of interest a careful analysis can be made to yield in the hands of one who understands the periods and loves the work of the old glass painters, and there can surely be no town with a more curious story of stained glass re-construction and restoration. The account of the east window of the Cathedral is quite surprising; it is lovely to the eye and, to all appearances, a complete window of the beautiful period of 1520 in its original setting, and this it was long considered by the experts to be. But a critical study shows that the figures in the middle row have been cut off at the knee and the lower lights have been narrowed to fit their present position, and Mr. Le Couteur comes to the conclusion that only two of the larger figures, the beautiful Kneeling Virgin and St. John in the topmost lights, and the small panels in the tracery belong to the original window. The central figure survived the Reformation, but was destroyed as being superstitious, by the fanatical Elizabethan Bishop Horne, and the gap was subsequently filled in with an entirely unmeaning St. Bartholomew taken from some other place. St. Bartholomew reigned supreme for 250 years or so and then was cast out at a restoration of the glass in 1852, when a new figure of Christ in glory was substituted, evidently inspired by the crowning light in the east window of College Chapel. No one seems to have troubled about what became of St. Bartholomew, and this interesting and most valuable glass has found its way into South Kensington Museum. Even as late as 1890 there was a further slight alteration, when the glaring modern backgrounds of the kneeling saints were taken out and replaced by glass of a softer colouring. It is to be hoped that no further drastic restorations will be attempted, but when we read that the tops of some of the old figures in the side windows have been pieced to the bottoms of others, the wish arises that this blundering could be put right and that the poor prophets could be re-united to their proper halves; it shows an almost incredible deadness of perception on the part of the workmen, but there are still thousands of people who cannot tell the right way up of a wall-paper or curtain pattern, and we must be thankful that nothing was put back actually upside down when the figures were re-arranged. The story of the college glass is even more amazing; until the beginning of the last century College Chapel must have been a shrine of loveliness, every window being filled with the old glass of about the year 1390. It escaped the destruction which this beautiful and fragile art seems

always to have invited, and, though constantly patched and repaired through the centuries (as shown by interesting extracts from the College accounts), and also no doubt in bad need of repair, the windows were substantially perfect, and College Chapel might still have had one of the most beautiful interiors in England. Then in 1821, in an evil moment, being considered faded, the glass was entrusted to Messrs. Betton and Evans of Shrewsbury, who undertook to "re-touch the colours and to restore it to its original condition," which miracle was performed at considerable expense during the next few years by means of substituting modern copies done in the brightest colours obtainable; when the windows came back, the College authorities were enchanted with the transformation and never doubted at the time, but that it was their old glass back again, fairer than ever. Three panels are now in South Kensington Museum and fifteen in Ettington Church, Warwick, but what became of the rest nobody, alas! seems to know. The three figures in South Kensington (all that remain of the original forty-six personages in the side windows) are now valued at £5,000, so that the most moderate value of the glass then lost would be somewhere about £100,000. Now, on entering the chapel, we see a perfect kaleidoscope of colour and hooky-nosed, sinister-looking prophets in robes of ghastly hue, which have left a bad impression on many a youthful mind. An experiment has recently been made of re-copying the copies in glass matched to the three old panels, and it is earnestly to be hoped that this good work can be continued by degrees until the reproach has been wiped away, leaving perhaps one window of 1821 to adorn the tale. The huge west window of the cathedral (the forty-four panels originally filled with figures under canopies) has also had its trials, and except for a few corner lights which must have been difficult to hit with bones or stones, it is now one mass of patchwork, and its fate has often trembled in the balance; but, somehow, its note of history and silvery charms have prevailed, and may it never be re-placed! Besides being a study of glass, the book is incidentally a good record of Winchester history, and also contains a most interesting account of the rise and fall of the art and the way in which stained glass windows were made—one curious point being that apparently the coloured sheets or "tables" were never cut with a diamond, but were first broken up and then laboriously chipped into shape with a thing called a grozing iron; it would be interesting to know if the properties of the diamond were a comparatively modern discovery. One feature of the writing is the elision and occasional use of the article without apparent rule; but, as this is one of the Wykehamical traditions of speech (because there is no article in classical Latin) it gives a local touch which can be excused, and Mr. Le Couteur has given us a work of unusual interest and value, well produced by Messrs. Warren, and illustrated with photographs which include examples of earlier styles of stained glass not to be found among the Winchester remains.

COAST DEFENCE IN EAST NORFOLK

By ROBERT GURNEY.



A "LOW." TWO DAYS EARLIER THE SANDBANK ON ITS SEAWARD SIDE BURIED ALL BUT THE HIGHEST POSTS OF THE RUINED GROUYNE.

THE coast of Norfolk between Happisburgh and Winterton is one of peculiar interest from the point of view of coast defence, since there are here many thousands of acres of land lying below the extreme range of the tide and defended from the sea only by a narrow range of sand dunes. The problem is complicated by the fact that the land to be protected is largely marsh land of comparatively little value, so that expensive works such as alone can confer absolute security are out of the question. The care of this long stretch of sand dunes is in the hands of the Commissioners of Sewers of East Norfolk, commonly known as the Sea Breach Commission, an ancient Commission dating back to the time of Henry VIII. History shows that disastrous inroads of the sea have occurred from time to time, mainly through breaches of the hills at Horsey, where the Thurne River or Hundred Stream is said once to have flowed out to sea. In Faden's map of 1797 no less than nine breaches are shown, two of which were 120yds. wide, and at that time the sea must have had free access to the adjacent marshes. But these breaches have been closed, and, thanks to the work of the Commissioners, there has been no serious incursion of the sea for over a hundred years. The last breach was effected in December, 1917, when about sixty yards of the sandhills at Horsey were entirely demolished where the sea poured in and spread out a great sheet of sand over the warren. However, the gap was immediately closed with sandbags and the hill rebuilt, so that no serious damage resulted.

The struggle against the sea demands unceasing vigilance and constant attention to weak spots, and it is a losing battle in which all that can be hoped is to control the inevitable wastage. At all times damage by wind must be checked; for, when a strong in-shore wind blows, clouds of sand are carried inland and small hollows in the hills may rapidly be deepened by eddies

of wind and eventually develop into "wind gaps" cutting right through the dune. It is of the utmost importance that the shifting sand should be collected either by rows of faggots or by planting marram grass, and it is the aim of the Commissioners so to plant and faggot the hill that the top is kept as level and as broad as possible. Height is of little importance



BREACH OF DECEMBER, 1917. FIRST LINE OF SANDBAGS LAID.

as compared with breadth. On the seaward side what is wanted is a high beach sloping evenly to the hill so that the force of the waves is broken by running up the slope and the waves cannot batter against a steep face.

The range of the tide is normally not more than six feet, but there is a strong tidal current running from north to south



FAGGOTS AND SANDBAGS.

during the flood, which, when north-west gales are blowing, causes a violent scour of the beach. At such times the tide may rise to nearly twelve feet and even over-top the banks. After such a tide the seaward face of the hills is found to be sheared down as with a knife, and more than once almost the whole thickness of the dune has been carried away in a single tide, and has had to be rebuilt with shovel and barrow.

The level of the beach varies from day to day according to wind and tide. A strong easterly wind causes a heavy undertow which draws down the sand and shingle below low water mark and lowers the whole beach by several feet. But the sand is not permanently lost as a rule and may soon be brought up again by a southerly wind. It is only the northerly gales which, by increasing the velocity of the tidal stream, do really serious injury by removal of material in a southerly drift. A common result of this tidal scour is the formation of "lows" or long deep troughs running parallel with the coast and bringing deep water close to the dune foot. Often such a low persists for a very long time, backed on its seaward side by a huge bank of sand and shingle, until the whole bank moves landwards, fills the low, and levels up the beach to a gentle slope. The photograph shows a low and bank of this kind. Two days before it was taken the bank was so high that the tops of the highest posts of the ruined groyne were all but buried. In that short space of time the whole ridge had moved inwards and flattened out. Left to itself the level of the beach is constantly



THE SEA REACHES THE SANDHILLS.



GROYNE HOLDING UP THE SHINGLE, WHICH IS RUNNING OVER FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.



A WASTING BEACH.

changing, and there are times when the whole of the beach material is swept away and the old land level is laid bare, showing old roadways and banks and other traces of man's occupation. Of late years groynes have been erected at Eccles, and these have held the beach in place with remarkable success.

THE MUSE OF DEMOS

IF it were put as a conundrum, what is the most democratic musical instrument in the world, how many people would give the right answer? There is only one instrument that deserves the honour of selection. Americans call it the "kallyope." Some ironic wag who may have lived in "simple sheltered 1889" bestowed the name on the steam-machine employed for the purpose of braying out its stentorian tune where the merry-go-rounds and the swings are crowded. He who wrote "The Works and Days" tells us that Calliope, renowned for the sweetness of her voice, was the last of the Nine Sisters. In America she claims only to be the loudest and, to a fastidious ear, most objectionable. It might be surmised that Kallyope would be a hated bugbear to the poet. But the poem, like the statue, comes out of the carver's brain. Vachel Lindsay has written a hymn in its praise. He has not gone back to Calliope, the sweet muse of epic verse; it is in the loud, boisterous Kallyope that he has found inspiration. Let Pan stick to his oaten reed and Keats to his nightingale; for him the siren voice is that of the lusty modern muse whose organ notes, driven by steam, are enough to add a new horror to "Dante's Inferno." To get the full meaning one must listen to the bard chanting his own lay. It is a very strange and eerie experience to do so. To describe the reading and the impression it makes is something beyond the present writer's capacity. The voice ranges from a crooning chant soft as that of summer seas to the most energetic declamation. Nor does the poet speak with his tongue alone. His whole being is concentrated on the rendering. Hands and arms, head and eyes and feet in their rhythmic gesture help to let us know what wonderful message the poet has discovered in the bellow of these pipes. To him it is the voice of triumphant democracy "tooting joy, tooting hope," and he sees it gradually resolve into a wild, disordered joy. He is a wizard who sweeps one up to some giddy height, whence one looks down on the welter. Even without the voice the words are as arresting as they are vivacious.

I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope,
Car called the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(Listen to the lion roar!)

It may be that in England, too, the Kallyope is "tooting joy, tooting hope," but it would require great faith to believe its message. Democracy is threatening to wreck the common-wealth, while withered murder stalks abroad in a thousand shapes, and one kind of strife succeeds another before the banging of the war guns has ceased. Yet America has causes for anxiety and apprehensions as menacing as those hanging over our own country at the present moment. Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic is at least as aggressive as it is on this. England and America are threatened with the same danger. And will they not both weather it? Probably when Goethe lent the dignity of his great personality to a nation unworthy of him, many thought civilisation doomed. But his last message, which Carlyle caught and reiterated, "I bid you to hope," is almost identical with that of Mr. Lindsay with his Kallyope "tooting joy, tooting hope."

It is the most original of the contents of *The Golden Whales of California* (Macmillan Company, New York) a book which ought to be reprinted in this country. But the piece which gives the book its title, while equally unconventional, is more beautiful. Mr. Lindsay tells us that he tramped the coast of California not as an amateur, but as a real "hobo." Whatever were his circumstances, he heard the chanting of the whales to some purpose.

And they chant of the forty-niners
Who sailed round the cape for their loot
With guns and picks and washpans
And a dagger in each boot.
How the richest became the King of England,
The poorest became the King of Spain,
The bravest a colonel in the army,
And a mean one went insane.

There is no doubt that groynes at short intervals do provide complete protection to the coast, as is proved by the success of the works carried out near Caister by Mr. Marriott, the Engineer of the Midland and Great Northern Railway.

The poem reaches its high watermark in "St. Francis of San Francisco."

St. Francis comes to his city at night
And stands in the brilliant electric light
And his swans that prophesy night and day
Would soothe his heart that wastes away:
The giant swans of California
That nest on the Golden Gate
And beat through the clouds serenely
And on St. Francis wait.
But St. Francis shades his face in his cowl
And stands in the street like a lost grey owl.

It culminates in the voice of the earthquake which has the stage-direction "from here on the audience joins in the refrain: *gold, gold, gold.*" What more can one do than quote from it? Whoever does not of his own sense recognise that this is the genuine stuff called poetry would not be the wiser for any amount of such explanation as we can offer.

What is the fire-engine's ding dong bell?
The burden of the burble of the bull-frog in the well?
Gold, gold, gold.

He, at any rate, will not find it difficult to discriminate between the gold of St. Francis and some other gold found in California as well as elsewhere.

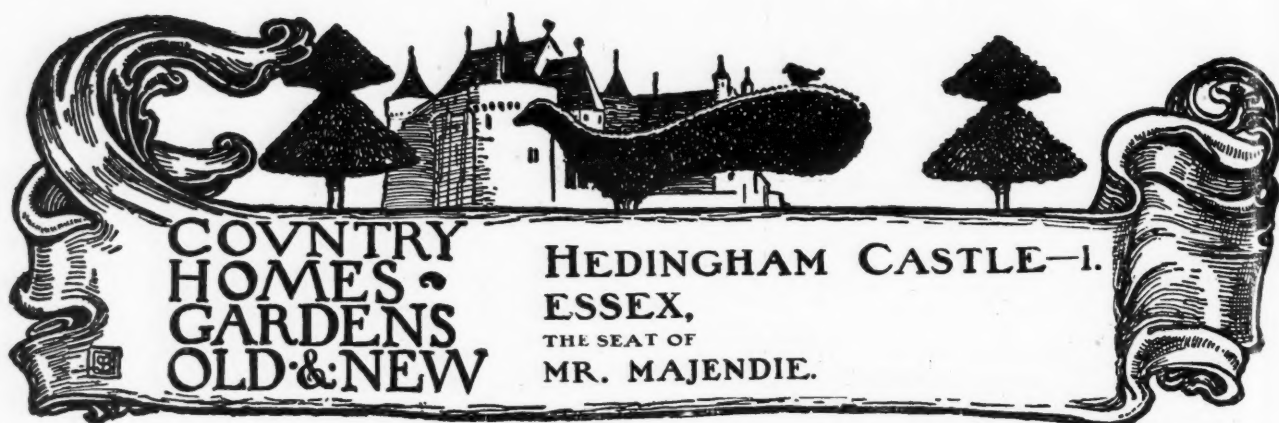
What is the color of the cup and plate
And knife and fork of the chief of state?
Gold, gold, gold.
What is the flavor of the Bartlett pear?
What is the savor of the salt sea air?
Gold, gold, gold.
What is the color of the sea-girl's hair?
Gold, gold, gold.
In the church of Jesus and the streets of Venus:—
Gold, gold, gold.
What color are the cradle and the bridal bed?
What color are the coffins of the great grey dead?
Gold, gold, gold.
What is the hue of the big whales' hide?
Gold, gold, gold.
What is the color of their guts' inside?
Gold, gold, gold.

It is a pleasure in itself to hear the reader's fine voice lingering over the syllables of California. That voice is also gold, gold, gold. It comes very beautifully and effectively into a daring, laughing, mocking piece called "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston." The little bit of folk-song is from a thing that used to be very popular, made up of old bits of folk-lore. It forms the refrain.

East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang: "Ring a rosie"
"London Bridge is falling down."
And . . .
John L. Sullivan
The strong boy
Of Boston
Finished the ring career of Jake Kilrain.

For the rest, 1889, the period of the poem, appears to this child of to-day mediaeval.

A word must be said about the prefixed "A Word on California, Photoplays and Saint Francis." His discourse on photo-plays is apparently ironic. How else can he talk of "the inner spirit of this newest and most curious of the arts"? Or write that "some of us view with a peculiar thrill the prospect that Los Angeles may become the Boston of the photoplay"? But there is nothing ironic in his ecstatic eulogy of California. One can well believe that to him the very name of California is splendour. The verse in general terms may be described as the play of an original and brilliant intellect, inspired by the democracy taught by Alexander Campbell, who, in his last printed words, looked forward to "a fulness of joy, a fulness of glory and a fulness of blessedness." Whether the United States really forms the best example of democracy or whether the movements now on foot are in the right direction it would be out of place to discuss. Every poet has a golden age in which he delights to transport himself. The majority have found it in some fabled epoch of the past, and why should not a poet picture for himself an Elysium of the future "where every day will be a circus day"?



THERE are few buildings in this country that can compare with the great castle-keep at Hedingham for solemn grandeur, excellence of preservation and beauty of setting. It comes upon one with a shock of surprise, whether seen for the first or the twentieth time—a great cliff of grey stone, gilded by the morning sun or purple under the storm-cloud, flushed with a rosy pink at sunset or silvered

in the light of the full moon, it rises from its steep, flat-topped mound four-square, backed by noble trees, beneath it to the east the mellow red brick bridge (Fig. 13) of early Tudor days, and the Queen Anne house of the Ashhursts—both things of yesterday compared with the great stone keep of the proud De Veres. Its very isolation is an element in its impressiveness. One looks in vain for the forebuilding that once rose on its western

side (Fig. 3)—now a crumbling mound of rubble—for the great wall of *enceinte* and chain of towers that encircled it, for the lofty gateway tower, or barbican, that stood to the south-west, and for the hall, pantries and chapel and all the lesser buildings, the stables, barns, brewhouse, granaries and kitchens, that were once grouped around the keep. All are now represented only by massive foundations and grass-grown mounds, and from the fact of these foundations being almost entirely of brick the inference may be drawn that the original buildings, save the wall and its towers, were chiefly of timber, and so remained till the latter part of the fifteenth century.

The family of De Vere, inseparably bound up with the history of Hedingham and its castle, can be carried back to a man who took part with William in the conquest of England, and is conjectured to have come from a village called Ver on the river of the same name below Coutances. This Aubrey de Vere may have held the lordship of Ver, or perhaps he was a younger brother of the lord. He was rewarded by a substantial share of the spoils when the conquest of England was a *fait accompli*, being given, *in capite*, lands in five counties. He probably found at Hedingham a conical stockaded mound that had served well enough for a stronghold in Saxon and probably earlier times. He would seem to have levelled the crown of this and to have extended its area, so that it forms in effect a raised plateau. Probably he was contented with a timber fortalice within a stockade, and with his moat, and, perhaps, a stone gate-tower, or barbican, he felt sufficiently



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I.—THE APPROACH FROM THE VILLAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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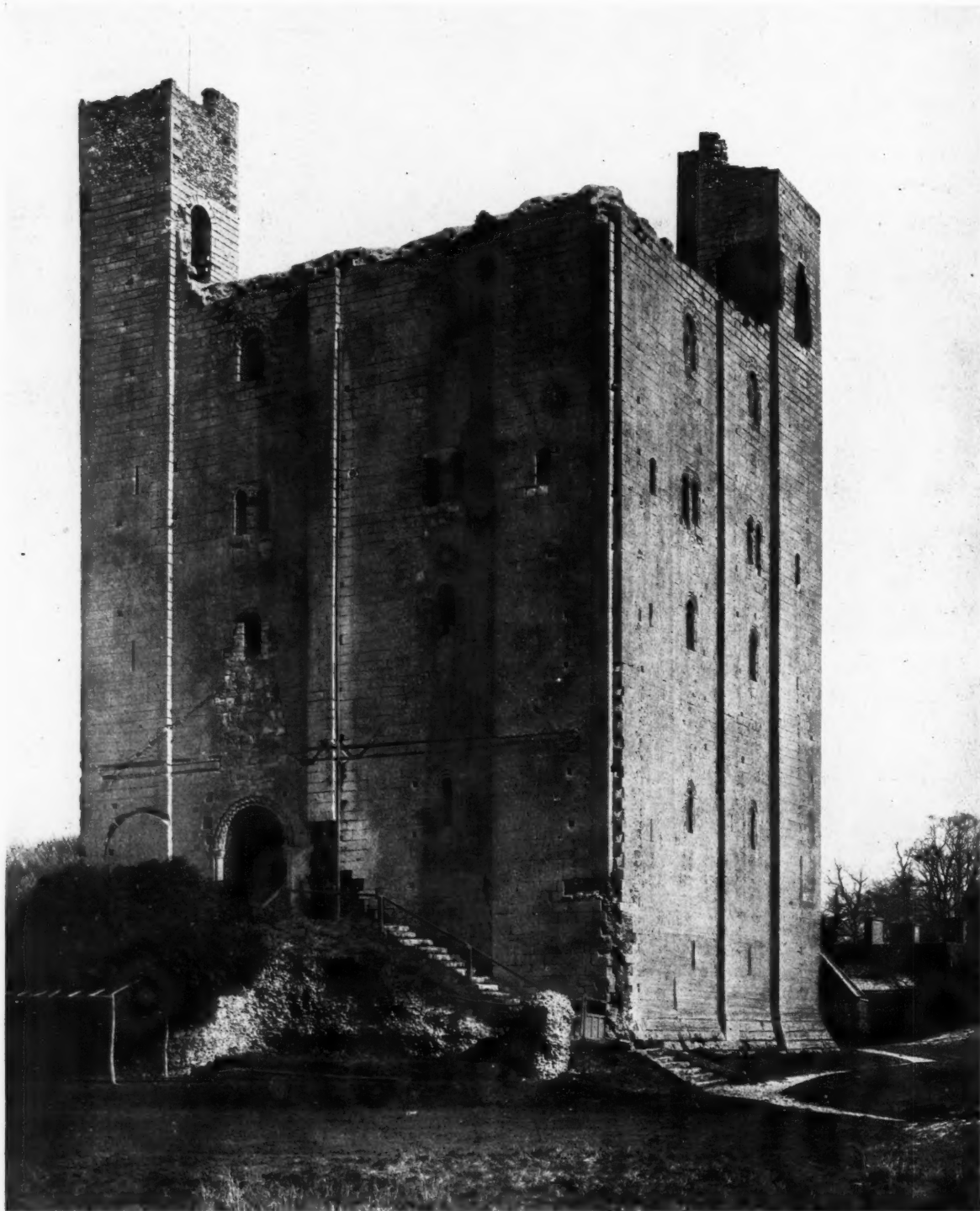
2.—THE KEEP REFLECTED IN WATERS OF THE "CANAL."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

secure; but conditions had altered by the time his son, the second Aubrey, succeeded, and it is to him that the building of the great stone keep (Fig. 2) may be unhesitatingly ascribed. He was a personage of great importance in the realm, and married Adeliza, daughter of the powerful Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Hertford. In 1106 Henry I made him Lord Great Chamberlain of England, an office he was to hold "to himself and his heirs, with all dignities and privileges thereunto belonging."

He returned safe from the first crusade and was long-lived for the violent days that marked the first half of the

his Royal master's quarrels, when the land was filled with violence, rapine and bloodshed, Aubrey II would need a formidable stronghold of his own to which to retire in the intervals of campaigning; and the great stone tower at Hedingham is proof to-day that he built strongly and wisely; for, saving where parts have been torn out or broken down, the work remains in a startling condition of perfection. He succeeded his father in 1088, and between that date and his death in 1141 he carried out this great piece of building. But this long period of over half a century is too vague for our purpose, and, fortunately, comparative evidence comes to our help. There



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3.—THE WEST AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE KEEP.

The ruins of the forebuilding are seen on the west side.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

twelfth century; yet, even so, he did not die in his bed, but was killed in a popular tumult in London on May 15th, 1141. A prudent and upright man, he earned the confidence of King Henry I, and was employed by Stephen to compel divers of the barons and warlike bishops to yield to him the castles that they held against the King, such as Roger, Bishop of Sarum (1102-1139), an "unscrupulous, fierce and avaricious" prelate, who had seized the vast treasure he had laid up during his chancellorship. Engaged as he was in

are so many features of resemblance between the keep towers of Rochester (Fig. 1 and Hedingham) that there can be little doubt that they are the work of the same *ingeniator*, or architect; and, as the larger tower, at Rochester, was built between 1126 and 1139, we may safely place Hedingham in the decade 1130-40, and with this the details of its architecture agree precisely (Fig. 8). The work belongs to the last phase of pure Norman, before the culminating period when it revelled in profusion of ornament, and then was

followed by the gradual introduction of the pointed arch which marks the transition to the Gothic style.

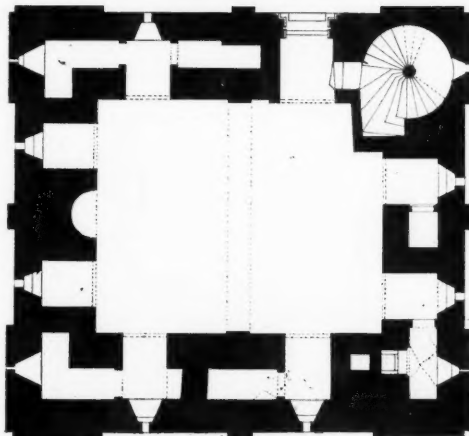
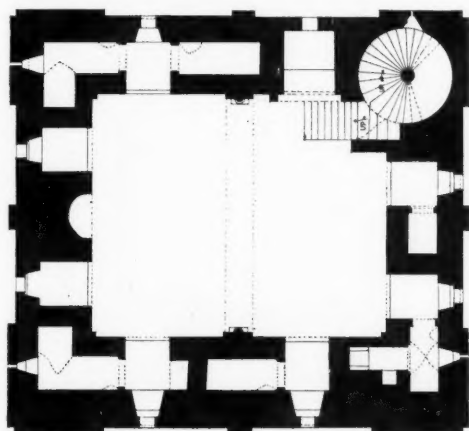
The approach to the castle from the village, which lies to the westward, is well shown in Fig. 1, while in Fig. 2 we have a charming picture of the keep as seen from the south-east, across the beautiful water still called by its old Norman name of the Canal.

Down to 1917 the keep, though lacking its battlemented parapet and the turrets on its south-west and north-east angles, retained its leaden roof and floors and was in a habitable state, the great hall or audience chamber on the second floor above the ground storey being appropriately furnished. But in that year the military, who employed the keep as a signalling station, by most culpable carelessness in the use of a stove, set fire to the roof, with the result that the whole interior became a prey to the flames, and not only the roof and floors, but much valuable old furniture and many family possessions stored for safety in the basement chambers were burnt to ashes. Great as was this calamity, however, it is cause for deep thankfulness that, beyond scaling off much of the interior plaster and calcining the surface of the stonework to a blush-pink, the fire has left the massive Norman walls uninjured, while revealing the

extensive patchings in red brickwork effected by the Ashhurst family during their ownership in the eighteenth century.

Approaching the keep from the west (Fig. 3) and climbing on to the ruined forebuilding by the stone steps, we reach the grand Norman doorway (Fig. 9); but before passing to the interior we may take a more detailed view of the exterior. There are five storeys, viz., ground floor or basement, first or entrance floor, second

stone, Heddingham is of flint concrete entirely faced with the wonderfully hard and durable oolite from Barnack, Northamptonshire. It is this fact that gives such an exceptionally architectural and monumental quality to the Heddingham Keep, coupled with the rigidity of the vertical lines and the sharply struck masonry courses of even width throughout, so that at a slight distance they appear as if ruled with a fine pen upon a drawing-board, resembling the perfection of finish one associates with a Greek temple rather than a mediæval fortress. Only the upper part of the north-west turret is partly of flint facing—perhaps a later repair. No crack or settlement appears, and the arches are as perfect semicircles as when first struck. Coupled with this severity of outline and mass we note, as in Fig. 3, an almost entire absence of moulding and ornament. No string-course breaks the sheer verticality of the lines of turrets and pilaster buttresses, which rise majestically from the battering courses and chamfered plinth at the base. As measured on the north side, these battering courses and the plinth that surmounts them are each 11 ins. in width, making a total height of 6 ft. 6 ins. from the ground, and this 11 ins. seems to



4 AND 5.—PLANS OF SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

floor containing the audience chamber, third or gallery floor, making a sort of triforium round the audience chamber, and fourth floor, in which were the living and sleeping quarters of the garrison, and from which, through the doorway in the return wall of the north-west turret (in which was the one great circular stair from top to bottom) the sentinels or defenders could gain access to the parapet walk behind the battlements. Plans of the first and second floors, reproduced from Mr. Cecil Brewer's admirable drawings, are given (Figs. 4 and 5).

The plan is not an exact square, the exterior dimensions above the great battering plinth, excluding pilaster buttresses, being 58 ft. 3 ins. north to south and 52 ft. 6 ins. east to west. The external walls are 11 ft. thick, excepting the eastern, which is 12 ft. 6 ins. In comparison with Rochester Keep, which is 70 ft. square on the outside with walls 12 ft. thick, Heddingham is somewhat small, having an interior measurement of 36 ft. by 29 ft., as against 46 ft. The total height of Heddingham is 28 ft. less than Rochester, allowing for the loss of the battlemented parapet, viz., 85 ft. As to the materials of which the sister keeps are constructed, while Rochester is built of Kentish rag rubble with dressings of Caen



6.—DETAIL OF WINDOWS ON THE WEST OR ENTRANCE SIDE.



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7.—THE ARCHWAY SPANNING THE SECOND FLOOR OR AUDIENCE CHAMBER:

"C.L."

The recent fire having destroyed the ceiling, the fourth floor room is visible above the gallery that runs round the audience chamber.



Copyright.

8.—FIREPLACE OF THE FIRST FLOOR, OR ENTRANCE HALL.

"C.L."

be the standard width of each course from top to bottom of the keep, giving, with the joints, an average of 1 ft. The only external ornament, with the exception of the great doorway—which, obviously, was originally covered by the forebuilding—is seen in the three upper tiers of windows (Fig. 6), the lowest having a double roll to the arch and jamb-shafts; the intermediate pairs of windows with a single roll moulding to the arch (the centre pier is now of brick); and the uppermost having an arch of two orders, the outer richly moulded with two rows of chevron or zigzag on enriched scalloped capitals. The inner order is a great half-round in section (*cf.* Rochester); and none of the windows has a label or projecting hood-moulding—another instance of the severe restraint in ornament that the purpose of the building imposed. A characteristic detail of both Hedingham and Rochester keeps is the re-entering angle of the pilaster buttresses at the four corners, very telling in the sharp lines and shadows that it gives. The general design of all four sides, as to the number and disposition of the windows,¹ is precisely similar, and, besides the windows described, there are only slits to light the basement and angle-turrets.

It may be remarked that the castle was only once besieged, and that in the reign of King John, in 1216, when the keep, at any rate, seems to have suffered no damage. It has been reserved, alas! for a much later generation to work grievous injury to the fabric. Two wide openings for farm carts were cut through into the ground storey, on its east side, in the eighteenth century, and immediately before the Ashhurst family came into possession a whole-hearted attempt seems to have been made to pull down the keep and sell the magnificent stone; but its solid building made the business too costly, the damage done went little beyond demolishing two of the angle turrets and the battlemented parapet, and mutilating some of the windows. Fortunately the Ashhurst who purchased the estate about 1700 put on a roof and patched up the broken walls with brickwork, making no attempt to house himself within it, but building a new house beyond the moat on the site of the outer court.

The late Sir William St. John Hope expressed the opinion that the kitchen was on the ground floor, pointing to two narrow slits which are visible externally in the return of the central pilaster buttress on the east side as smoke-vents; but there is no certain evidence internally in the shape of a flue or chimney-hood, and one has to assume that, though designed for a kitchen fireplace, as the great mass of masonry between the windows and the three fireplaces in the storeys over would suggest, the actual fireplace was either not made or afterwards destroyed. Probably cooking was usually carried on in a separate building in the inner bailey close to the keep, and it is possible that at times this gloomy ground floor chamber, with its narrow loopholes and deep embrasures, was actually used as a prison. These loopholes, narrowly splayed, have the cills formed in steps, to give access to the loop from inside. The only communication with this chamber would be by the great circular stair from the upper storeys; and the plan of the staircase at the foot suggests that there was a stout timber-framed lobby shutting off the stair by two doors from the ground floor. The present brick wall dividing this floor into two is comparatively modern. Some of the lower steps here are of stone—and, probably, all were originally—but now they are of hard old yellow bricks, perhaps dating back to Tudor times. The stair is unusually wide—5 ft. in the clear between newel and wall, the same as at Rochester. If we ascend the circular stair or approach externally by passing through the grand doorway in the forebuilding, we enter the first floor. The doorway (Fig. 9) has a semi-circular arch of two orders, the inner plain and the outer enriched with three rows of chevron, rising from engaged shafts with scalloped capitals, that on the left having a row of sunk pellets on the abacus (Fig. 11). Behind the inner order is a groove, 4 ins. wide, for a grid or portcullis. The inner doorway and its old wood door are said to have been brought here from the Blue Boar Inn in the village. A semicircular sinking in the face of the pilaster buttress to the left is probably due to a barrel vault in the forebuilding, which has left other traces of its roofs and gutters deeply scored in the keep wall.



Copyright.

9.—THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY.

"C.L."

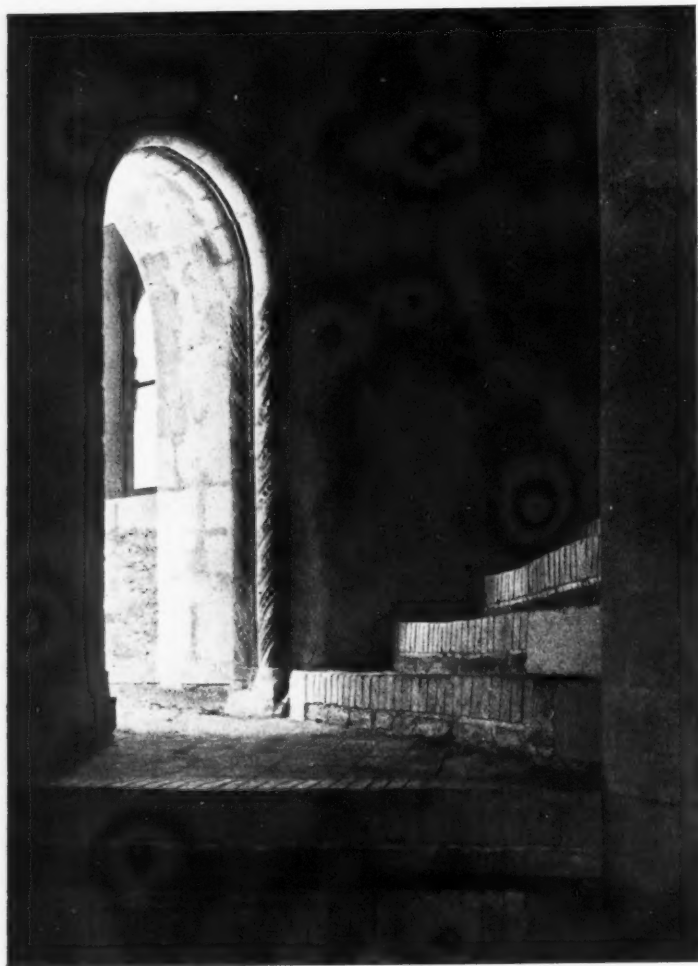
This opens into the first floor hall and was reached from the forebuilding staircase and vestibule.



10.—ONE OF THE EIGHT WINDOW RECESSES OF THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.



Copyright. 11.—A CAPITAL OF THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY. "C.L."



12.—DOORWAY FROM THE NEWEL STAIR TO THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER GALLERY.

The first floor (36½ft. by 29½ft. and 18ft. high) was spanned by a square-edged curtain arch, now largely broken away, but, when perfect, of segmental form, springing from square-edged piers of shallow projection having a chamfered impost. The purpose of this arch was to form a bridge from north to south for the support of the timber girders and joists of the floor over. It would still leave the chamber that it spanned one great open hall. In the south or narrower wall is the beautiful and astonishingly perfect fireplace (Fig. 8) having a circular back and an elliptical or depressed circular arch bordered by a roll and chevron. The engaged shafts have cushion capitals with round and square double billets in the hollow of the abacus. The flanking recesses have moulded circular arches and angle shafts, as have the similar openings in the other sides. All this treatment, and especially the fireplace, which is practically a duplicate, recalls Rochester. Leading off the window recesses are wall-passages, a garderobe, and cupboards which may have served various purposes; and the same remark applies to the second floor plan, in which, again, there are more cupboards, a garderobe, and recessed passages contrived in the thickness of the walls. This (Fig. 7) is a noble and lofty hall or audience chamber, 38ft. 3ins. by 31ft., and 27ft. high from floor to ceiling, embracing two storeys, a triforium gallery or passage being carried completely round the upper part, and covered by a barrel vault. The eight window recesses (Fig. 10) which are carried down to the floor are very richly treated with circular arches of two rows of chevron and nook-shafts having scalloped capitals. One window recess in the west wall is wider and of two orders. The window-heads within these recesses are similarly treated, and the fireplace in the south wall, set between a pair of these windows, is a richer edition of that on the first floor. It has the abacus of the window nook-shafts carried over its arch as a label; the arch is of double chevron work, and the right-hand scalloped capital has a cable beading to the abacus. There are minute variations in the mouldings of the arches, capitals and bases throughout attesting the love of variety inherent in the twelfth century craftsman. This fireplace has the same circular back as in the floor below. The upper gallery arches have plain angle-rolls and nook-shafts, and in the angles of the hall are shafts carried from floor to ceiling. But the really astonishing feature of this great hall and of the castle is the magnificent semicircular arch that spans it from west to east; yet the arch is of the airiest construction, being only 18ins. deep with a width of 3ft. 6ins., and moulded in two orders of undercut rolls. True, its function was to act as a bridge for the floor girders only, and it had very ample abutments; nevertheless, the daring and imagination of the builders who conceived it strike the beholder with amazement. The great span (29ft.) and rise (13½ft.) of the arch are the more marked because of the responds or piers being only 7ft. high. They have boldly scalloped capitals and bases of shallow round and hollow mouldings, and the central shaft is flanked by flat pilasters with nook-shafts. There are no signs of failure, no cracks or settlements: it is a truly marvellous piece of mason's work. On the soffit of the arch, in the hollow between the two roll mouldings, are marks as of the centering, or of a wooden screen that may have filled the opening at one time. This airy arch would in itself mark the advance made in the decade that practically separates Hedingham from its elder sister Rochester; for at Rochester in the corresponding storey of the second floor we have the dividing wall, which is carried up from the foundations occupied by four arches, two drum-piers, four half-piers and a central block containing the shaft of the well—all in a space of 45ft., as compared with 31ft. at Hedingham. There are two wells at Hedingham, one in the south-west angle of the keep, and another, of great size, lined with Barnack stone, on the north, outside. The inside well was only discovered by Sir W. St. J. Hope after the fire.

The great hall or audience chamber originally had a timber ceiling, marked by the angle-shafts



Copyright.

13.—THE TUDOR BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[The keep is on the left of it, the Georgian house on the right occupying the site of the old outer court.]

above mentioned and by a course of ashlar above the arched heads of the gallery-passage, as also by great stone corbels that carried the transverse timber girders. Much of the plaster still remains on the walls and is, presumably, that of the twelfth century. We cannot leave this noble hall without recalling that it was here that Mr. Disraeli was entertained by his supporters in 1849. The fourth or top floor is marked by lowness and plainness

inside, being about ten feet from floor to ceiling, with two windows in each wall—the windows that are so richly treated with chevron work outside (Fig. 6). Its walls are 8ft. 3ins. thick on all sides save the east, where the thickness is 10ft. The flint walling is here largely exposed internally. There are four round-arched recesses, one on each wall, between a pair of windows, and that in the south wall may have served as a fireplace.

PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.

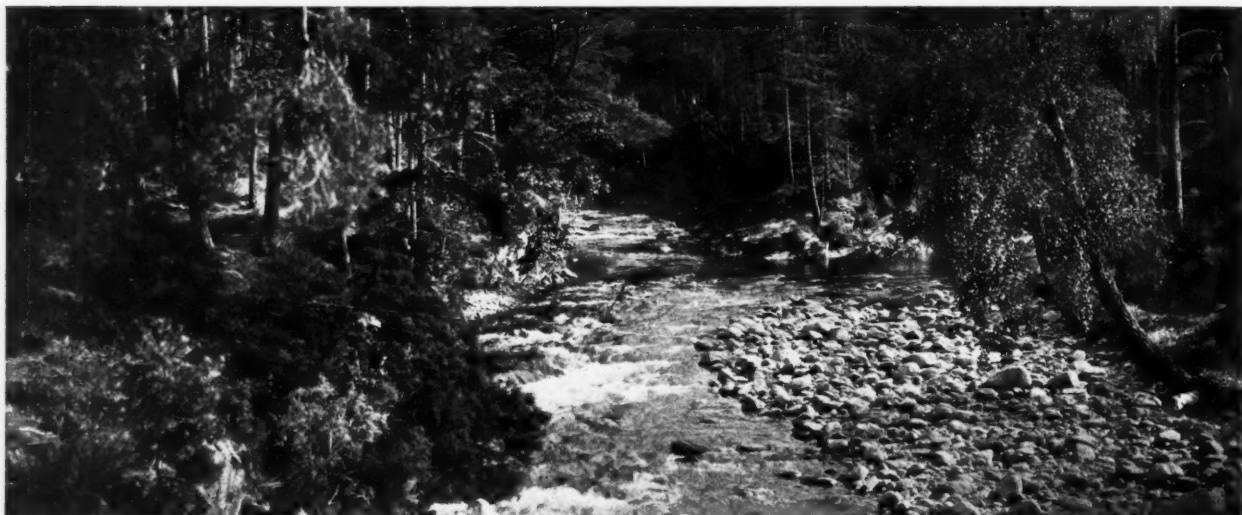
LEICESTER SQUARE

I looked out on a green town-world,
 Such a world!
 Such a world!
 Where a silver fountain piped and purled,
 Piped and purled.
 From savage fishes' heads the shower
 Sprang and fell
 From hour to hour,
 And small birds dipped their dusty beaks,
 And laughing children with sudden shrieks
 Dashed round and round the fountain's brim
 In my green town-world.
 I looked out on a green town-world,
 Such a world!
 Such a world!
 Where the mottled plane trees pied and prim,
 With every leaf so cut and trim
 Danced over my green town-world,
 Over the heads of the saunt'ring crowd,
 The harlots demure and the housewives proud,
 The weary workmen with legs outstretched,
 The man-about-town,
 And the scurvy wretch,
 And high above all the sun stared down
 On my green world-town,
 On my green world-town.

ANNE F. BROWN.

The SHELTER STONE and LOCH AVON

By N. STEVENSON.



A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

THE Cairngorm Mountains and Speyside have for long had a peculiar fascination for the writer. These magic roads from Kingussie to Grantown with their offshoots into the mountains form a never failing source of delight.* The glorious lights and shades, the beautiful colours of the trees, the lochs and rivers make up a countryside unequalled in Scotland. In storm and shine it has its own beauties, sometimes basking in the sun, at other times swept by wild storms and roaring gales. Repeated visits to this neighbourhood have only increased its charm, and to the nerve-sick town-dweller the wonderful air, the sights, sounds and scents combine to bring peace and health. The Cairngorms seem to preside over all, and their towering forms and escarpments, their lower slopes clothed with heather, bracken, birches and pines and jewelled with lochs, their dark corries and wild passes, their precipitous crags and bubbling streams all go to the formation of a wonderful picture.

The great glory of the Cairngorms is Loch Avon; and last October, during a stay at Nethy Bridge, along with a friend, a most successful mountain expedition was carried out. From Nethy Bridge the distance to the Shelter Stone at the head of Loch Avon is nearly twenty miles, and every inch of the way is interesting. For the first six miles the road, thoroughly highland in character, led steadily upwards through the Abernethy Forest. The trees were in most beautiful autumn

foliage, and at times a perfect riot of colour presented itself, while every now and again views of enchanting loveliness were disclosed. The forest was left behind at Rynettin, a forester's house on the bare hillside open to every "airt." The forester certainly has a magnificent view, but if he stays there in winter we hardly envied him his lot. A long tramp now lay before us through heather and along a very rough road gradually approaching the mountains and passing the entrance to the charming Pass of Rebhoan until the River Nethy was crossed at a footbridge where the road ended and a footpath began. The weather, the all-important factor in such expeditions, was none too promising, a cold north wind blowing with thick mists on the heights; but as we climbed up to the Bynac ridge the sun appeared, rolled up the mists, and at 2,500ft. all was clear. A wonderful prospect was now revealed. To the north lay the Moray Firth with the mountains beyond, Ben Bynac to the south, Cairngorm to the south-west, east and west mountains—mountains, mountains, mountains, until one would think all Scotland consisted of nothing else. The near views were no less superb, and we specially admired the beautiful corries on Cairngorm and the fantastic rocks on Bynac itself. Bynac (Big and Little) is a splendid peak. Its situation is rather more isolated than the other mountains near it. Its shape is very graceful, reminding one of a miniature Matterhorn. We knew it well, having had previous experience



BY THE RIVER NETHY.

of it—once on a particularly fine day and once on an equally bad one. The path we were on was the Learg an Laoigh to Braemar, and our route took us round and over the shoulder of Bynac and gradually worked along the succeeding valley until we reached the River Avon. The going was bad, very rough indeed, very wet, and the path at intervals non-existent. However, the main direction was plain, and the mountains on either side pointed out the way. It would, however, be a nasty place in mist. The desolation of the place we were in was awful: a wilderness of rocks and boulders, scrub and heather, and not a living thing to be seen except an occasional grouse and now and then, on the sky line, deer. We plunged further and further into the wild until the Avon was reached, and here we had to leave the path. The going up the left bank of the Avon was difficult, and progress was slow. A

but never was food so good or drink so refreshing. Away in that weird spot, shut off, as it seemed, from the outside world, stung with the wind and listening to the roar of the torrents coming down the mountain sides, one seemed to be in a different planet. The top end of the loch was in deep shadow and was faced by a tremendous wall of rock. The scene was very grand and awe inspiring. Lower down, where the sun struck the waters, the varying colours were beautiful, and where the river left the loch roaring down from lovely sands the effect was charming. It is a place in its way unique in Scotland, and no one can have the least knowledge of how grand our Cairngorms are unless by penetrating in this way into their fastnesses. The three most famous lochs of this wild character are Coruisk, in Skye, and Avon and Eunach, both in the Cairngorms, and in some features Loch Avon takes precedence.



LOCH AVON.

sight of the loch, however, cheered us on, and after the river was forded (with some difficulty, as it flows very strongly) we came to this famous sheet of water. The loch is at an altitude of some 2,500ft., about one and a half miles long (it seemed to us at least five miles) and three-quarters of a mile broad, and occupies a great hollow between Cairngorm, Ben MacDhui and Ben Mheadhoin. It lies north-east and south-west, and at the top is the Shelter Stone, which is a great mass of rock, fallen from the mountains in such a way as to form a shelter in bad weather for a few people. On our visit the shelter afforded would have been very slender, as the north wind blew up the loch and whistled around the whole place. Lunch was now imperative. The fare was bread and butter, scones, jam and such like, the drink a cupful of water from a stream;

It has no weak side and there is nothing the least commonplace about it, and its utter absence of life leaves an indelible impression on the mind.

We would have liked to return by Cairngorm, but time was fleeting and in October the day quickly fails. The return journey, therefore, was by the way we had come, and the evening lights were magnificent. "Afternoon tea," consisting of what was left over from lunch, was taken by the Nethy footbridge, and Nethy Bridge was reached in most brilliant moonlight about 8.30 p.m. A wonderful day with memories stored up to last a lifetime: fresh air, good comradeship, food fit for the Gods, water to drink far better than any other earthly beverage, tobacco to burn—and surely it never tasted so sweet—scenery so sublime that unless one had seen it one could

hardly believe that it existed on this little bit of earth, and then home, to tell one's people about it, to stretch oneself, deliciously tired, before a blazing fire, all formed a glorious end to a glorious holiday.

Next day, as the train took us south to business, Speyside was left in all its glory. The day was cloudless, and the air had a sparkle in it that made the blood run quick. As we

passed Aviemore and looked up at the great Cairngorm chain and the mighty cleft that marks the Larig pass, the mountains seemed to beckon and say, "Come back, come back, you have seen some of our wonders, we have more to show, and no man who has once breathed our air and drunk of our springs can ever forget our spells, but he must not think that in his short and puny span of life he can ever exhaust our mysteries."

LOVE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

NOW this was all that I knew about Richard Baxter: that he wrote "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" and many other theological works and that at the age of forty-seven he married Margaret Charlton, a young girl "of strangely vivid and great wit with very sober conversation."

The spindle side is always the more interesting side of a family to me, and the queens consort of England ten times more thrilling than the kings, and Margaret's youth and strangely vivid wit roused in me a passionate curiosity that her husband's fame could never alone have kindled.

So I went to the Picton Reading Room in Liverpool, and obliging little boys ran nimbly up spiral staircases in front of ceiling-high bookshelves and brought me twenty-five huge volumes of Baxter his works, and piled them round me until nothing but the crown of my embarrassed hat could have been visible. Each of the twenty-five heavy volumes was in small print, and the work of many lifetimes seemed around me, but the one short book on his wife was not there. Yet interest grew. What did the lonely child do while her husband spent (surely) every hour of every day on these five-and-twenty monuments to his piety and learning? Did her vivid wit in the end burn itself out in silence? Or was there love between the strangely assorted pair? We have many books about "the great lovers" of the past—more books than lovers—yet there is often more consolation to be found in the story of lowlier lives, every new discovery of quiet and unwearied love strengthening our wistful hope of immortality. "*Love is a great Thing: yea, a great and thorough Good; by Itself It makes everything that is heavy light: and It bears evenly all that is uneven.*"

So I waited another year until I found myself for the first time in the most satisfying place this side Heaven—the Reading Room of the British Museum. And they brought me Baxter's "Breviate" of the life of his wife. It had never been reprinted as his other works had been. That had evidently been my difficulty in Liverpool. I opened the old book, printed in 1681, the year of Margaret's death, and written "for the good of the Readers and the honour of God's grace in her," and even the British Museum faded away.

They were born, those two, in the same county, Shropshire, within three and a half miles of one another, "but she of one of the chief families of the county, and I but of a mean Freeholder (called a Gentleman for his ancestors' sake)."

During Margaret's early girlhood her mother's castle was besieged by the Parliamentary soldiers, stormed and taken. Margaret saw the fighting, the killing of many of their servants, and the dead bodies lying on the ground, and this was the beginning, her husband thinks, of that "diseased fearfulness," or nervousness, from which she suffered all her life.

Little is said of Margaret's father, who had evidently died some time before the storming of the castle. Her mother, later, removed to Kidderminster, partly to listen to the edifying sermons of the popular Mr. Baxter, then rector of the parish. And there, too, of course, came sixteen-year-old Margaret, ruffling it bravely.

In her vain youth, *Pride and Romances* and Company suitable thereto did take her up, and an imprudent rigid governess . . . had done her hurt by possessing her with ill thoughts of strictness in religion.

She found the poverty and "strictness" of the people of Kidderminster very tedious, "glittering herself in costly Apparel and delighting herself in her Romances."

There came a very dangerous illness when all despaired of her life, and after that, as she slowly struggled back to health, her "conversion," of which Baxter gives many details and would probably have given more but for her "strange silent keeping her case to herself . . . an exceeding injury to her peace." Then followed the most unhappy period of Margaret's life, a time of deep, unconquerable depression. And "she still had a concealing temper which made it never the easier within."

She was swept out of her depth in her newly found religion, doubting her own sincerity. Yet her intense unhappiness puzzled me. It was partly physical, partly spiritual, and partly—what? What was the secret grief in the background? The poor child was straining to get away, to go to London, but there was so much opposition that she sorrowfully gave up her own will in the end. Was she unhappy at home, I wondered? Or was the learned Mr. Baxter beginning to trouble her young heart? Was she trying to run away from him? It was not until nearly the end of the book that I found the possible answer to my question.

Ever since her sickness 1659 she hath lived in an ill-conceited fear for the overthrow of her understanding which greatly hurt her. It was because she had an aunt long so, deceased, and her Parents were naturally passionate, and her spirits over-quick, and her blood thin and mobile, and though wisdom hid it from others in her converse, she felt the trouble of her own mind in things, as aforesaid . . . and so lived in constant fear, which tended to have brought on her what she feared. But her understanding was so far from failing that it was higher and clearer than other peoples; but like the treble strings of a Lute, strained up to the highest, sweet, but in continual danger.

Of Baxter's wooing we know nothing. He tells us curtly that for adequate but unstated reasons he will give no details. But he does tell us of the torrent of disapproval that bore down on the lovers. Margaret was too young for him. Margaret was too wealthy. And had not Mr. Baxter always opposed the marriage of the clergy, holding that the cares of wedded life were incompatible with the vocation of a priest?

But Baxter, by this time, had been ejected and separated from his "Pastoral Charge" as a result of the Act of Uniformity, so the last reason ceased to have any weight, he explained. And there was no question of marrying a wealthy Margaret. She must leave behind her most of her fortune, only keeping what would make her his equal in financial matters. Moreover, she must promise not to encroach on the hours he set apart for writing and his "ministerial works." Thus Richard, crushingly—and married her. She would be about nineteen at the time.

It is here that the sensitive reader holds his breath, fearing quiet tragedy. But Baxter must have been a more suitable husband for a nervous, highly-strung girl than one would have imagined.

When we were married her sadness and melancholy vanished; counsel did something to it, and contentment something; and being taken up with our household affairs did somewhat. And we lived in unviolated love . . . sensible of the benefit of mutual help.

I like that little touch about "counsel." I hope he petted her as he administered it. My mind's eye (possibly a vulgar orb) sees her perched on his knee, as with many a "firstly" and "lastly" he points out the foolishness of fretting secretly. I think Margaret was never quite so unhappy again. She was fragile and haunted by headaches all her stormy life, she passed through many dangers—among them, the Great Plague and the Great Fire—which increased that "diseased fearfulness, against which she had little more free will or power than a man in an Ague or Frost against shaking cold," but her troubles were never lonely ones again.

But hers was no clinging, dependent nature.

All the operations of her soul were very intense and strong: strong wit, strong love and strong displeasure.

But "anger she had none—or little made it known."

Her household affairs she ordered with so great skill and decency as that others much praised that which I was no fit judge of. I had been bred among plain mean people and I thought that so much washing of Stairs and Rooms, to keep them as clean as Trenchers and Dishes and so much ado about cleanliness and trifles was a sinful curiosity and expense of servants' time, who might the while have been reading some good book. But she that was otherwise bred had somewhat other thoughts.

It is a pleasant picture—Margaret's spotless home, in days when living was often rude and rough. And possibly her maids were better pleased to scour and dust for their young

mistress than to follow the master's theological arguments down the page, with exploring forefinger.

I gave up my theory of Margaret as a lonely young wife. She not only settled her own affairs but she arranged those of her husband, with a capability at which the unpractical man could only marvel. As he had been ejected from his parish he had to preach and teach when and where he could. Margaret hired this room and that—once she even had a room built for him—she went here and went there with him, moving from house to house without a murmur, until “out of tender regard for my health she took for us this most pleasant and convenient house in Southampton-Square.”

Among other troubles that marriage exposed her to, one was our oft necessitated removals, which to those that must take houses . . . and fit them and furnish them, is more than for single persons who have no such clogs or cares . . . and the women have most of that sort of trouble. But she easily bare it all. . . . When I was carried to the common gaol, for teaching, as aforesaid, I never perceived her troubled at it: she cheerfully went with me into Prison; she brought her best bed thither; and did much to remove the removable inconveniences of the Prison. I think she had scarce ever a pleasanter time in her life than when she was with me there.

(“Love is a great Thing: yea, a great and thorough Good; by Itself It makes everything that is heavy light: and It bears evenly all that is uneven.”)

Yet each was a little hard on the other at times. It was a real grief to Margaret that her husband, in his increasing deafness and ill-health, was sometimes tempted to relax his efforts of preaching and teaching and she did not hide her disappointment. And he on his part sometimes thought her dread of insanity “but a passionate fanciful fear . . . not considering how great tenderness in all our discourse she needed; though I remember nothing else that ever I showed impatience to her in.”

They disagreed, too, though amicably enough, on the subject of borrowing money, Baxter maintaining that one

should do good with one's money as far as one's means allowed, but that one should not exceed them. Margaret argued that one ought to borrow money for charitable purposes if one could offer good securities. And she borrowed right and left.

There are some things charged on her as faults . . . that she busied herself so much about Churches and works of Charity and was not content to live privately and quietly . . . that she was wasteful and imprudent in leaving me so much in debt.

To that I answer, Let any one consider . . . what she did, and he will not wonder at her debts. It was not to pamper her own body; she used mean clothing and a mean diet for her own person. . . . I doubt not but some of these accusers will say, *Why open you all this? Were you not the Master?* . . . Perhaps love and grief will make me speak more than many will think fit. . . . But I am not ashamed to have been much ruled by her prudent love in many things. . . . For my constant pains and weakness and ministerial labours forbade me the care of outward things . . . and her apprehension of such things was so much quicker and more discerning than mine.

Strangely enough he blames her more for her reticence than for her debts.

My dear Wife was faulty indeed in talking so little of Religion in company. . . . But her Religion lay in *doing* more than in talk. She proved this by “her costliest obedience.”

It cost her not only her labour and Estate but somewhat of her trouble of body and mind. For her knife was too keen and cut the sheath. Her desires were more earnestly set on doing good than her tender mind . . . could well bear.

Margaret died in 1681.

These near nineteen years I know not that we ever had any breach in point of love, or point of interest, save only that she somewhat grudged that I had persuaded her for my quietness to surrender so much of her Estate to a disabling her from helping others as much as she earnestly desired.

I had found out what I wanted to know. I closed the old book, written “in some passion indeed of love and grief but in sincerity of truth,” and gave it back into the keeping of the British Museum.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

II.—PARISH LEGENDS

BY VIOLET JACOB.

WHAT gives distinction to the parish of Llanigon is that a part of it lies in the fertile valley and a part in the Black Mountain; for it stretches up through a pass called in Welsh Bwlch-yr-Efengyl—or Gospel Pass—by which, legend says, St. Paul travelled, bringing the Gospel into Wales. It does not stop there but runs on under the summit called the Twmpa till it reaches the ancient church of Capel-y-fyn—the Chapel of the Boundary—where the three counties of Hereford, Brecon and Monmouth meet and the three dioceses of Hereford, St. David's and Llandaff. It is a tiny, squat building among venerable yew trees, and its pulpit, it is said, had a trap door in the floor through which the parson entered, though, unhappily, there is no sign of this contrivance left now; and as you search vainly for it you ponder on the monumental gravity of a congregation that could sit unmoved and see its pastor thus yielded up by the earth. But rural folk of The Day before Yesterday took things simply.

The foothills lead upwards, connecting mountain and valley, cloven by wide, shallow ravines called “dingles” in this part of the world. A network of intersecting lanes runs between high, hazel-crowned banks, sparsely dotted with lurking, whitewashed cottages whose sly and deep-set windows peer like sinister eyes on the passing track. This intermediate bit of country has a character all its own, self-contained and secretive. You may walk for hours without meeting a single wayfarer between the straggling hedges. Sometimes you may hear a dog bark from some unseen distant dwelling, or a child's cry comes across a dingle, or if you mount one of those stone slabs which do duty for stiles you can see a far-away man ploughing. “Anything might happen here,” observed a stranger who was ascending one of the mountainward lanes, “you might come upon *anything* round these corners; an old gun, or a skull, or a dead man lying under the hedge.”

The mountain which looks down on all this has a spot on a green track skirting it, called “The Boiling Wells.” It looks a harmless enough place, with nothing to mark it but a trickle of water just visible under a flat stone jutting from the turf; nevertheless, it was a terror to the men and women of The Day before Yesterday whose ways led over the mountain side. Anne, who, though she lived in the valley, had something

to say about the uplands too, gives her own account of the experiences and attire—Anne was great on costume—of a certain Mrs. Tiacher at that haunted place.

“Old Tiacher used to go to Hay market in an old calico cap, an' the border did come to a pin under her chin, an' she had a straw hat over it. She had a great-coat wi' a cape on it; no skirt was seen, an' she always came wi' a stick in her hand. Mrs. Tiacher was ridin' to Crasswell, an' a spirit in white got on her horse at the Boiling Wells an' went to her house with her, then did loss her at once an' went back to the Well. She always left market in good time so as not to pass the Well when it was dark for fear she should see the spirit. The spirit was always to be seen at the Well.”

The modern prototypes of Mrs. Tiacher are still extant on market days, for the wives of the small farmers scattered on the Llanigon side of the mountain come riding down of a Thursday on their rough nags with market baskets on their arms, though the caped coat and cap-border “comin' to a pin” of Mrs. Tiacher have vanished, and the straw hat which has succeeded hers is an article of a very different breed.

A more dramatic episode comes from another source. It is related that two young men were riding home in the evening from a sheep run and turned towards the Boiling Wells. As they drew near the dreaded spot a thunderstorm came on and they spurred forward, hoping to get shelter at one of the hill farms; but on reaching the Well their horses suddenly wheeled back and neither whip nor spur could prevail on them to face something which they alone could see; and while they fought with them the riders grew aware of a man's figure that loomed through the dusk, and one of them saw a ball of flickering light between his horse's ears. At this, horses and riders became of one mind and fled with all speed they knew not whither, but finally exhaustion stopped them all and they found themselves at the boundary fence of a neighbour's farm.

Another ghost story of The Day before Yesterday still in the mind of very old people is that of one, Mr. Arndell, who was both a Sabbath breaker and an employer of labour, living at a seventeenth century house which is yet standing in the steep meadows above the village. He forced his labourers to plough on Sundays, and when he died and all men believed

they had seen the last of him, he appeared again in the guise of a bull. The community agreed that he must be exorcised, so a number of the clergy assembled for that purpose with lights in their hands. The reverend men circled round the bull again and again, amid the most furious bellowings and stampings, and one of them lifted his voice above the din and spoke: "Why are you so furious, Mr. Arndell?" he enquired. "*I was fierce as a man, but I am ten times fiercer as a bull,*" was the reply. However, the clergy, nothing daunted, continued their efforts without intermission, and Mr. Arndell began to grow smaller and, by many intermediate stages, became at last no bigger than a fly. He was then secured and put into a very small box, which was carried up into the meadows below his house and buried. The place is still to be seen in a corner of a field where an oak spreads above a damp patch and a spring rises just beside it to meander past the hedgerows to the village and be swallowed by the brook. The original body of Mr. Arndell reposes in Llanigon churchyard under a table-topped tombstone near the lychgate. Its date is 1768.

Among local superstitions is a very picturesque one about Old Christmas Eve. There were those in Llanigon The Day before Yesterday who believed that on January 12th all oxen which had reached the age of five years—they were used for ploughing then and were allowed to live to that age, though they are now killed earlier—kneeled down as midnight struck and remained on their knees for some time. An old man told a woman (long dead, but well known to the present writer) that he had seen it happen and beheld them "fall down on



ON HER ROUGH NAG, HER MARKET BASKET ON HER ARM.

their knees, sigh and groan piteously with tears dropping from their eyes, a sight I never hope to see again, so painful it were."

But, leaving the supernatural, the story that has most power to interest the living inhabitants is attached to a small squalid farm that shall be nameless. It lies—just as it should do—in that world of dark lanes and soundless pastures between valley and hill, high on the slope of a dingle, the low dwelling-house flush with the lane into which its dead-looking windows peer; and the roof seems little higher than the gnarled hedgerow, and at one side of the muddy farmyard is an old saw-pit. It is so quiet and remote that you are almost upon it before you realise that a human habitation is near. Many sinister things seem to have occurred in connection with the place, one of which was a robbery committed when an old man and his wife, popularly supposed to be rich, were living there. One night a gang of men broke in, seized the poor old couple and bound them to the bedposts; but while they rifled their possessions, searching for their money, they were frustrated by a maidservant, called, euphoniously, "Juggy." Hearing the noise, Juggy got through a window and escaping over a pigsty roof, made for the nearest farm. There, happily, lived two hefty brothers, one of whom, named Tom, ran to the scene of action, while the other went to rouse the neighbours. As Tom approached he met a man who advised him to go back, as he was one of the gang at work. "Gang or no gang, here's at ye!" said Tom, and felled him with the flail he carried. When he reached the house help had appeared; one robber was caught under a bed and another was found to be hiding half way up the chimney; so they lit a fire under the latter and posted a man to catch him as he emerged on the roof. All three men were transported.

But the real tragedy of the ill-omened little place happened some years later, within the memory of people still alive. A man living there had a daughter whose husband was tenant of the same farm from which the avenging Tom had come with his flail, and both father and daughter treated the son-in-law very unkindly. One day the woman's husband sold some cattle for a large sum and started for home with the money he had received in his pocket. He never reached it; and the last time he was seen alive he was going towards his father-in-law's house, which he had to pass on the way to his own. There was the usual nine days' wonder, but—though it seems incredible now—no exhaustive enquiry was made, and the story was put about the parish that he had gone off to America with his money. It was some years afterwards that a curious thing was divulged by a man who had hitherto kept his own counsel, for fear, it must be supposed, of being mixed up with the mystery. He stated that, soon after the disappearance of the missing man, about twelve o'clock one night, he was passing up the lane and, peering through the hedge, saw three men filling up the saw-pit. He could not see what they had put in it, but they were busily shovelling in the earth.

In comparatively recent times an attempt was made by someone interested in the story to have the saw-pit opened, but permission to disturb it was refused; and the legend runs in the parish that nettles (or "ettles," as they are called) grow on that piece of ground in the shape of a coffin.

When the father-in-law died, strange happenings were reported. While his coffin was being fastened down to the bier previous to his burial a fearful gale arose, though the day was otherwise calm, and went roaring along the hillside. We are told that the long "weeper" hatbands of the men were almost torn from their heads, the doors slammed, the walls of the squalid little house shook and the fire in the grate, no bigger than a man could hold in his palms, flared up and set the chimney ablaze. That, and indeed the whole story, is "as may be," but, true or false, there never was a more suitable setting for both.

It would be unthinkable to end without speaking of that enormous orgy, the Llanigon Parish Feast, which happened on the first Sunday after September 20th. The old Swan Inn, with its queer little blue signboard, stood at the parting of two ways by the top of Pig Lane, and the building is still there, though the signboard is gone, and it is no longer a public house; but the wych elm outside it, which shadowed the toppers of The Day before Yesterday, is flourishing yet. It was here that the very heart of the festival was to be found, though the Feast overran all the near parts of the parish and flowed even into the church porch, which has been described as full of bottles, glass and pots, some broken, some whole.

Llanigon people took weeks to prepare for and weeks to recover from their Feast; young folk in service in other parts of the country made shift to get a holiday that they might come home to attend it; farmers contributed pails of milk for it; women baked its puddings and pies in outdoor ovens hurriedly set up in convenient corners of the village, and ducks and geese were stolen for its tables. Beer flowed and dancing raged, varied by fights, races, mountebanks, the ringing of church bells and the ministrations of old women with baskets of nuts and oranges who came from the neighbouring town. The fights took place in the inn orchard and were very popular, not only among the men; for the wives of the combatants employed themselves in running to and fro with mugs of beer to their own particular champions. "Fight on, Jack," one of them is reported to have cried, "an' thee be beat, I'll carry thy bones home in my apron!"

The Feast has been obsolete these many years, the poor old inn turned into a respectable dwelling-house with a blacksmith's forge; the white swan on its blue background has, no doubt, been converted into firewood and gone up in the decent smoke of some domestic hearth, a burnt-offering to progress, temperance and other uncomfortable ideals. But a deal of jollity has gone with it.

EPITAPH

Flame-like he burned; his fuel was Life; and he
Illumined and shed warmth. There could not be
Mean thoughts where he was, nor impurity.

And like an honest sea-wind, that in Spring
Blows over thymey downs with frolic sting,
He woke our health, and set us venturing.

JOHN MACLEOD.

THE ESTATE MARKET

AUTUMNAL OPPORTUNITIES

SOME of the landed and other estates which are in the market have been in one sense "opportunities" for many weeks or months past, but there are others that have only just come into the market, and applicable to all of them is the truth that where owners have made up their minds to realise they will be ready to show a "sweet reasonableness" about negotiations. The industrial outlook is not clear, and if the opening of the autumn season is marked, as it was a year ago, by a strike, business in the estate market will be much impeded.

Fluctuations in prices there must always be, but so long as the fundamental basis of values is unaffected, these can be reckoned with, and transactions can be effected, and for this reason preparations are going on much as usual for bringing under the hammer a good many large properties during the autumn. Though in the next few days, supposing that there is still a doubt as to the attitude of the miners, not many dates will be selected for the actual auctions, everything will be got in readiness for prompt action, as the autumn season is in any event a short one, and the loss of a week or two in bringing intended auctions to the notice of the purchasing public cannot easily be compensated for.

CEFN MABLY AUCTION DATES.

DATES have not been definitely fixed for the whole of the series of auctions which will be necessary in the realisation of Lord Wharton's Kemeys Tynte estate, which, as various announcements in these columns have prepared the public for hearing, is to be sold. But many of the 8,000 acres in Glamorgan and Monmouth, with the magnificent old mansion of Cefn Mably, are now down for sale on stated occasions. The sale has been entrusted to Messrs. Stephenson and Alexander and Messrs. Lofts and Warner, who have decided to submit the Cefn Mably portion, midway between Cardiff and Newport, at Cardiff on Thursday, September 23rd. The first day's auction will include the mansion and park of 1,122 acres, along with forty or more large farms ranging from 50 acres to 350 acres, making a total of nearly 4,800 acres. On the following day about a square mile of agricultural and building land, including the Castleton section, will be dealt with; and, on Saturday, September 25th, there will be 544 acres, close to Barry and Cardiff. Other portions of the estate, in the vicinity of Cardiff, and the Monmouth section, and that around Abergavenny, are coming under the hammer at later dates, which have not yet been selected. This will be the most important auction that has been held in South Wales for many years, and much of the land is of enormous value, both immediately and prospectively.

A BUSY WEEK.

SOME very extensive landed estates have been dealt with this week by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. On Monday they offered, in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham, Godalming, the Busbridge Hall estate, Godalming, of 1,392 acres; and the same day, a Selby, the Wood Hall estate, Yorkshire, of 394 acres. The following day at Hanover Square the firm (in conjunction with Messrs. G. B. Hilliard and Sons) offered Hylands estate, over 4,000 acres, near Chelmsford, and 4,150 acres of the Stratton estate, for the Earl of Northbrook (in conjunction with Messrs. Simmons and Son). On Wednesday the St. Bride's estate, Pembrokeshire, 3,600 acres, including the Islands of Skomer, Grassholm, Midland and Gateholm, was submitted.

ADVANTAGES OF INSULARITY.

THERE is an almost forgotten chorus—which, by the way, was adapted to a variation of the stately "Kieff chant"—in which the singers say "Put me on an island," etc. Well, the plea could be easily met, given the requisite purchase money or rental, at the moment, from the lists of more than one firm, the offers ranging from Looe Island, near Liskeard, which, however, is held on a lease which has still some years to run, to islands in the Far North and the Sunny South.

A Guernsey telegram, received on Monday, points to the fact that the two Channel

Islands, Herm and Jethou, have been let on a long lease, at a substantial rental, to Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist. This transaction is reported to compare with a pre-war lease of Herm at the ridiculous sum of only 5s. 6d. a week, and to a German prince at that. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are the agents now commissioned by the Treasury to deal with these two islands, had not, at the moment of writing, confirmed the report, which is given with all due reservations. The German occupant of Herm adorned the island with a structure intended to represent a Rhine castle, and, as COUNTRY LIFE was the first to point out, also started breeding kangaroos on the island. The whole idea was worthy of its originator, and the only pity is that the place was ever let to him.

In the Shetlands Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are selling East and West Burra Islands, together 3,300 acres, with the ruined House of Houss. West Burra is usually identified with the Westra Burgh of Sir Walter Scott's "The Pirate." Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have also been entrusted with the disposal of "las Magnolias," Taffra, Canary Islands, and nearer home they have the famous Lindisfarne Castle, Holy Island, Northumberland, and a large slice of the Isle of Anglesey. Boisdale House, on the Isle of South Uist, Outer Hebrides, is also for sale; and in the Channel Islands are The Mount, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, and La Chaire, Rozel Bay, Jersey. Rozel Bay is generally considered the most beautiful of all the bays in the island, and in the neighbourhood are Druidical remains and primitive cave dwellings.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY SOLD.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY has been sold by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge. During the eighteenth century the Abbey was tenanted by a band of men of wit and fashion under the designation of the Monks of St. Francis, whose habit they assumed, but was better known as "The Hell Fire Club." The restored abbey has for some years been owned and occupied by Brigadier-General Sir Douglas Dawson, and has been visited on more than one occasion by the King. The estate, about 140 acres, includes Medmenham Ferry and a mile of frontage to the Thames.

GREEN ELMS, MORTIMER.

MORTIMER, well known to all who have visited the Roman city of Silchester, contains a pretty Queen Anne house, called Green Elms, which will be submitted with 27 acres, on October 2nd, by Messrs. Nicholas. Another nice property in the firm's list, for auction shortly, with either 7 acres or 33 acres, is the Tudor manor house known as The Chilterns, Bourne End.

SOUTHOVER HALL, SUSSEX.

SOUTHOVER HALL, Burwash, a compact and imposing house, with just over 700 acres, with good shooting and fishing, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in London, on September 28th. Next Tuesday, at Winchester House, the same firm, in conjunction with Messrs. Nash and Sons, are to sell the freehold, Dockenfield Manor, near Farnham and Hindhead. It is a manor house of old English characteristics, with 309 acres, bounded by the river Wey. Shooting, fishing and golf can be had there, and some of the land has an immediate value for building development. Another property, for sale next Tuesday, is How Green, Hever, a modern gabled house, in the midst of 135 acres.

MINSTER LOVELL AND OTHER AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. DUNCAN B. GRAY AND PARTNERS are about to offer Gaston Grange, near Alton, 800 acres; The Hall, West Somerset, 25 acres; Sandgate estate, Storrington, jointly with Messrs. Hy. Smith and Sons, 535 acres; and Minster Lovell Castle, near Oxford, in conjunction with Messrs. Hapgoods and Small.

WORCESTERSHIRE SALES FOR £35,000.

THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners' estate at Alvechurch and Kings Norton, Worcestershire, has been sold. Alvechurch Lodge Farm, 277 acres, which was the only lot with-

drawn at the recent auction, has been sold by private contract by Messrs. Ludlow, Briscoe and Hughes. The whole area of the estate was 914 acres, and the price realised £33,741, and timber £815 in addition, making a total of £34,556.

SALES OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

MESSRS. GIDDY AND GIDDY have recently sold by private treaty the following properties: Rosecliff, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, a luxuriously appointed residence with delightful woodlands and pasture land of about 34 acres, which they recently submitted for sale by auction (in conjunction with Messrs. Daniel Day and Sons, Bonchurch); Charlcombe, Sunningdale, a residence adjoining the golf links, which was disposed of together with all the furniture and contents *en bloc*; Littlebury, Ewell, with old grounds of 4 acres; Pine Ridge, Farnham, about 13 acres; River House, Walton, an old-fashioned house, overlooking the Thames, with 4½ acres; Merebrook, East Grinstead; Bury House, Cottingham, Market Harborough; also (through their Windsor office) Springhill, Windsor Forest, a moderate-sized mansion with grounds and parklands of about 20 acres; Raymond House, Langley, and Greenfield, Datchet. A fine old Georgian mansion—Scarlets, Twyford—with farmery, cottages and 35 acres, which they recently offered by auction, has been disposed of through their Maidenhead office.

TWO LUTYENS HOUSES.

THE MASCOT, Holmwood, which Mr. Pethick Lawrence has instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons to dispose of, was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens; and another of the houses which he has been concerned with, especially in its extensions, Folly Farm, may be mentioned, as the purchasers, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Gilbey, have taken up their residence there.

A STAIRCASE BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

THE staircase and panelling in Cross House for sale, at Bideford next Tuesday, by Messrs. Callaway and Co., are the work of Grinling Gibbons, and were taken out of Sir Bevil Granville's North Cornish mansion at Stowe in 1760.

NEWINGTON HOUSE, OXON.

MESSRS. CURTIS AND HENSON are to sell Newington House, the historical property near Wallingford and Oxford, formerly in the hands of the Bishops, who played a notable part under Charles I, and later of the Dunches, one of whom held office as Master of the Household to Queen Anne. It is situated on the banks of the Thame, to which its gardens slope in great beauty.

ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

MRS. M. B. COWLEY has instructed Messrs. Bidwell and Sons to dispose of St. Osyth's Priory, the beautiful old property near Colchester, of peculiar architectural charm, on account of the flint panelling. The excellence of the estate in general may be judged from the fact that when Cromwell, Earl of Essex, had all the rich spoils of the Church to choose from he picked out St. Osyth's as one of the first for his future enjoyment. Old as it is, the house is as strong as on the day it was built, and it has been fitted with every possible modern luxury and requirement. It is a good sporting estate, and appeals, of course, also to a yachting man. St. Osyth's Priory was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XIV, page 304).

HARTWELL LAND FOR SALE.

THE Hartwell estate, in the Vale of Aylesbury, is one of the few properties which has had the honour, well deserved in this instance, of a special book being compiled about it. "Aedes Hartwellianæ" is a volume written some seventy years ago by a Naval officer, who acted as a trustee of the estate, and a very interesting and entertaining and well illustrated volume it is. About 640 acres of the outlying sections are to be sold at Aylesbury this month, by Messrs. Carter Jonas and Co. Hartwell House was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. IX, page 740, and Vol. XXXV, pages 378, 414). ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

ECONOMIC LAW AND THE MINIMUM WAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I hope you will permit me to give the brief facts of a story which is likely to be repeated with variations on a great many farms this year. It would not be fair to give names, but you have my assurances that the facts are rigidly accurate. A, a man just over fifty years of age, had worked on a farm for twenty-one years and was a steady, good hand. A few weeks ago his wife fell ill and had to be taken to hospital. The man took this very much to heart and got downhearted about his work, whereupon he was discharged by the farmer, who says that he can only afford to keep the best men at present wages. The man went round to the other farms, but was told that they were reducing instead of expanding, as the harvest was nearly over. He tried two little factories where for a long time past the out-of-works had been able to find something to do if they were willing, but in each case was informed that the hands were being paid off instead of taken on, so he is numbered among the unemployed. Good judges will agree with me in saying there is a prospect of unemployment being very common in the approaching winter and it will be none the easier to bear owing to high prices.—AN EMPLOYER.

ASSES' MILK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* of your correspondent's letter on the subject of asses' milk, you may, perhaps, think the following little story worth recording: When an infant, which I may say was some sixty years ago, I was taken by my mother to the celebrated Dr. John Epps to be treated for a severe attack of eczema. The doctor prescribed asses' milk, somewhat to my mother's dismay, as she was quite at a loss to know how or where such a commodity was to be obtained. We were at that time living in an old-fashioned house standing well back from the main road about half-way between Isleworth and Hounslow. Thither my mother returned home, and was having her tea, still turning over in her mind the problem of the asses' milk, when, like the patriarch of old, she "lifted up her eyes, and looked, and behold," not "a ram caught in a thicket by his horns," but a man passing along the road leading *an ass with her foal!* She immediately sent her cook out to stop him, and on her bringing him back, she asked him if he would sell the ass. He replied that he could not sell her without the foal, so my mother said she would have both; but as she had not the remotest idea of what the price ought to be, it was arranged that the man should call again and see my father, either at home or at his business address, which she gave him. The ass and the colt were, accordingly, led away to the stables, and the man, who left neither name nor address, took his departure, and from that day to this nothing more has ever been heard of him! The ass was with us for many years and became quite an old retainer in the family, being known in the neighbourhood as the "Heaven-sent donkey."—E. K. B.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the Prime Minister taken at the Villa Haslihorn, Lucerne, where he is spending his holiday. It is a holiday interrupted by many official papers, and Mr. Lloyd George was caught unawares by the photographer while engaged upon some of them.—Z.

"A BUTTERFLY HUNT BY THE SEA."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent in "A Butterfly Hunt by the Sea" described the red admiral as a wary

insect and one difficult to catch. May I record my experiences a few years ago in the Isle of Wight? Observing several red admirals feasting on some Michaelmas daisies in the garden, I smeared a little honey on my first finger and without any difficulty, by slowly approaching a selected insect, got him to transfer his attentions from the flower to my tempting bait. So sweet did he find my finger that I had no difficulty in carrying him into the house, showing him round to friends and returning him to his flower. A few minutes later I repeated the process, and he was equally absorbed during his second visit to and from the haunts of man.—CARLETON F. TUFNELL.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A "MAYFLOWER" PILGRIM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I point out an error in last week's COUNTRY LIFE. A portion of the "Correspondence" contains a letter and illustration on a "Mayflower" Pilgrim's birthplace, referring to William Brewster and the Manor House of Scrooby. Both in the letter and illustration the village is described as being in Northamptonshire. This is evidently a misnomer, as Scrooby is, of course, in north Nottinghamshire, in which county tercentenary celebrations are to take place.—S. J. KIRK.

USE AND MISUSE OF CREEPERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Permit me to add to the letters on this subject a tribute to the immense service done by the present owner, Lord Curzon, to Bodiam Castle, which I have just again inspected, by the total removal of the destructive growth of creepers. It is now really possible to appreciate the building. Fortunately, also, several of the trees round the moat have been cut down. On the other hand, some might criticise the cutting through of the great trunks of ivy

at the foot of the brick tower of Warehorne Church, Kent, causing the still adhering growth of ivy to die off. At present it still adheres and will fall before long. This poor brick tower, added after the damage by lightning in 1777, to a fine church, might be hidden to advantage, but doubtless the ivy was causing damage in the usual destructive manner.—W. H. QUERRELL.

CLEANING HAMPSHIRE RIVERS AND ITS EFFECT ON FISH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My Committee are contemplating the improvement of several of the rivers in the county and propose cutting weeds and generally scouring and cleansing the courses of the rivers. Many of them have valuable fishing rights, trout and some salmon on the lower portion of the Avon in Hampshire. I should be glad of your opinion as to what effect this will have on the fishing; that is to say, are the cutting of weeds, the removal of fallen trees, floating wrack and mud shoals likely to have a detrimental effect on the value of the fishing, and if so, whether the injury would be temporary (while cleansing operations were in progress) or permanent? It is very necessary in the interests of agriculture and increased food production that the waterways should be improved in order to facilitate an effective drainage of the adjoining land. It appears probable that some opposition will be offered by the owners of the fishing rights. My Committee would be glad of your opinion on this matter, or perhaps you can put me in touch with someone who would be likely to know to what extent, if any, the fishing would be affected.—T. W. WHITFIELD (Drainage Surveyor, County of Wilts Land Drainage Committee).

[We have referred this matter to a well known authority, who writes: "I consider that the result of scouring and cleansing the rivers in Hampshire will be beneficial rather than harmful to the game fish, i.e., trout and salmon. Care must be taken, however, that this should not be done in the spawning season. A dirty and foul river is not a good one for the game fish, but very good for all their enemies, especially the enemies of their ova. The taking out of mud would also tend to decrease the arch enemy, the eel. Again, when the spawning area is cleaned, if the gravel be reached, it will be most beneficial to ova, especially that of the salmon. There might be a little temporary damage done to the water just below where cleaning operations are taking place, but I hardly think so, as these fish would move their quarters for the time being. The only damage done by removing weeds and floating wrack would be to destroy a small proportion of trout food, but the damage would be so slight as to be hardly worth thinking about. A sluggish stream has no chance of cleaning itself and never receives a proper scouring as our northern rivers do, so that the proposed cleaning of the Hampshire rivers would, in my opinion, be highly beneficial to the fisheries. The natural cleaning by spates, which the Scottish rivers receive so often, is of great benefit to trout and salmon fishing, as everybody knows. What the Committee want to rectify is to prevent the crude sewage from villages flowing untreated into the rivers. I am extremely glad to hear that such a cleaning course is contemplated, as it will benefit all parties and harm none."—Ed.]

BUTTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of your readers interested in dairy farming explain the reason why butter cannot be produced as profitably and cheaply in this country as in Denmark? The cost of feeding, breeding of cattle and all other expenses, including labour and rent of land, are practically the same in both countries.—M. W. FOYN.



THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE VILLA HASLIHORN, LUCERNE.

YOUNG WILD RABBITS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope that you may like to see this photograph of a nest of young wild rabbits. The nest was made in the bottom of a temporary stack of hay, or "stampcole," as it is called locally. The six tiny velvety youngsters were only a few days old when discovered and



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR NURSERY.

photographed. They were still unable to see, and were very restless when uncovered, all the time trying to burrow beneath each other. It was interesting to see them shake themselves or yawn and show their tiny white front teeth. In order to take the photograph I found it necessary to cover them with a soft cloth to allow them to settle down, making the exposure immediately upon its removal.—E. E. DENNIS.

MIGRATION OF SWIFTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am surprised at your correspondent's statement that "all swifts departed early this year, by July 17th." We watched them every day, up till August 9th, hawking high above the river morning and evening. On August 7th I saw them in great numbers over the town of Bedford, so that these are not mere stragglers. White's dates of August 10th to August 20th for the departure of swifts seem still to hold good—anyhow for our Midland birds.—M. D. WELLS.

TWO ALGERIAN SCENES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing two photographs which may be suitable for your paper. The market place was taken at the last winter market of



A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

last year at Touggourt, an oasis, eight hours' rail journey from Biskra, Algeria. The other photograph represents a mother, aged sixteen, and child in Old Biskra.—MARJORIE F. PAUL.

DOMINION DAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed extract of a letter from a correspondent in British Columbia may possibly interest your readers. It shows the interest and importance that both the white settlers and the Indians in that Colony attach to Dominion Day, and incidentally it gives a graphic description of those buck-jumping competitions which at one time were inevitably included in the programmes of up-country race meetings and sports, but which to-day are relegated to the more remote townships in the Empire:

"I wish you could have been here on the 1st and 2nd of July; it was exactly like a 'movie.' It was the first Dominion Day I had seen here since the war. A big bunch of Indians came and every white inhabitant in the valley. They started to come two or three days before—whole families and their ramifications. The average outfit was a farm wagon with the husband and wife on the box seat, with a few children dotted about, and behind as many grandparents as happened to belong to them, and three or four outsiders of the odd members of the family who couldn't fit into the wagon. Where they all slept I cannot think. Every house in the ranches must have been filled to overflowing. The races were much as usual, but we had some good bucking at the end. A lot of the Indians have wild horses and on every ranch of any size there is one 'bad' or 'mean' horse—an 'outlaw.' These cannot be tamed. A man may ride one for a few minutes after it has been tired out, but as soon as the beast is rested again he will be as wicked as ever. The Indians had brought two of these down, and they certainly could buck! There are two methods of riding. If you have a saddle (no bridle, of course) you must not touch anything, not even the horn, or you are disqualified. It is correct to hold a coil of rope in one hand to hit the horse's flank with, and a hat in the other with which to flap him about the head. It is appropriate also to utter encouraging cries, and I have noticed that the men who affect this method are usually rather dainty in their dress, with a bright neck-hankey and red or yellow chaps. The other way is to ride bareback. In this case a rope is passed under the horse, just behind his forelegs, and you are allowed to hold on to it between his shoulders. This is not as generous as it sounds, as there is not much purchase in a rope. The men who ride in this style take off their superfluous trappings and wear black or plain leather chaps. They don't shout either—they mean business. This time, as it happens, the man who rode bareback had the worst horse—a true outlaw, if there ever was one. Two men held him, and the rider slipped from behind the saddle of one of them on to his

back. Then they let go. That horse went up like a skyrocket with his back like a camel and his feet like a goat on a ledge of rock. His eyes were all whites and he grunted like a pig, which is a sign of true wickedness. I saw him rather well, because he made straight for the fence behind which I was, and fell down just outside it. I made certain the man's head would be kicked in, for there was the most awful mix-up for a few minutes, but it was all right, and most of the fence held too. The end was that neither of the boys were thrown and nobody was knocked down or kicked or trampled on, and that's quite a record, let me say!"—G. SEYMOUR FORT.

THE FATE OF AN ALBINO SPARROW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a white sparrow which has had the misfortune to hang itself by a horsehair at the entrance to its nest. I have noticed references in COUNTRY LIFE to albino birds, and may tell you that several albino sparrows have been found here. When I was a little boy a brood of five sparrows,

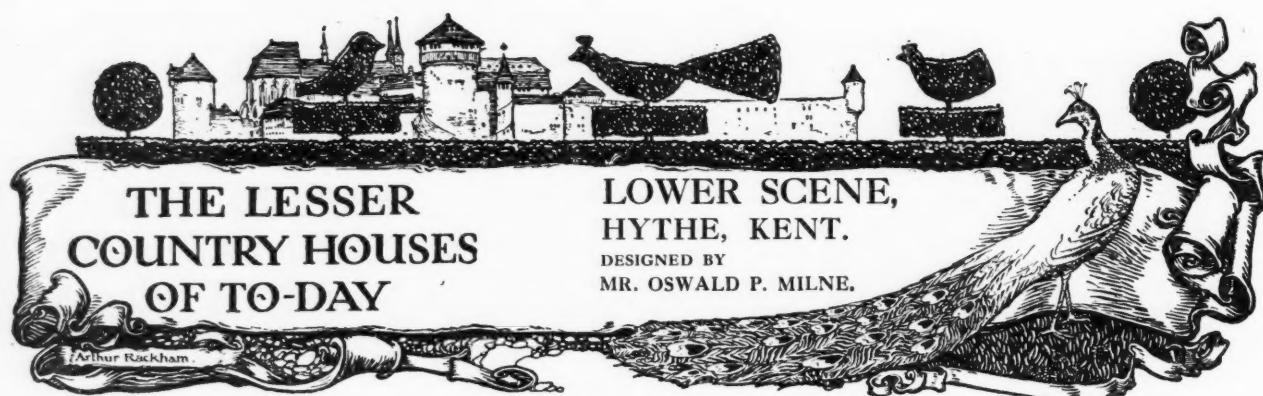


STRANGLED BY A HORSEHAIR.

all albinos, was reared in the garden. They hatched off successfully and were noticed for a long time. One of the villagers has a white sparrow in a cage, in which it has lived contentedly for seven or eight years.—RUFUS H. MALLINSON.



A DESERT MARKET PLACE IN ALGERIA.



AS Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently reminded us, in the matter of house building, old and new, people are apt to strain at the gnat and swallow the camel. They will think nothing of piping their houses with poisonous and explosive gases, and will be ready to handle that dangerous liquid, petrol, as though it were harmless water, but if thatch is mentioned as a roof covering they become solemnly concerned with the possibilities of fire. The fact that thousands of thatched houses up and down the country have existed snugly and safely for countless years seems to be forgotten. In theory, admittedly, there is a danger of fire with thatch, but in practice, in the case of isolated houses in country districts, the risk is really negligible so long as there are no dormers in the roof. It is the existence of these that adds so considerably to the risk of fire, inasmuch as anyone thoughtlessly throwing a lighted match out of the window might easily cause disaster. That there is no more delightful roof than a thatched one will, I think, be generally admitted, and even in respect of the cost



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



DETAIL OF GARDEN FRONT.

of construction to-day there is a good deal to be said for it, because thatch makes a light as well as a warm roof, and there can therefore be a considerable reduction in the scantlings to support it. When timber was cheap this was a matter of not much consequence, but seeing that it is now three times as expensive as it was in pre-war days, the saving in timber makes a considerable item. As a modern example of thatching one could wish for nothing pleasanter than the roof of Lower Scene at Hythe, a house built for Colonel J. M. Graham, D.S.O., from the designs of Mr. Oswald P. Milne. It has reed thatching, the reeds having been brought from the Norfolk Broads and the work executed by a Norfolk thatcher. Limit of space forbids any discussion of this native art, but one detail may be mentioned in order to correct a popular misapprehension. It is, that the reeds are set in bundles at an angle to the slope of the roof and are driven tightly into place with a flat wooden implement. By this method alone the straight edge at eaves and verge is obtained, not, as commonly supposed, by any subsequent clean cutting. A slight objection might be raised to the use of thatch on a very exposed site such as this house occupies, because of the strong hold that the wind gets at the angles, but wire netting on the windward side has effectively prevented the thatch from being ruffled up in this way.

Lower Scene has a wonderful setting. It stands on a plateau, a perfect little oasis, right in the middle of the golf links, high up, and looking straight out to sea. Hythe is seen down on the flats to the right, and Dimchurch further to the west. In excavating the plateau for the house, the earth was moved forward to form the terraces, which, together with the garden scheme, are an integral part of the architect's design. In conformity with the site, the plan of the house is long and narrow, and it was worked out with special regard to economy in service and upkeep. Thus to save labour there are only two floors, and as much passage space as possible has been eliminated. One result of this is that access to the front door from the kitchen is through the dining-room. Objection in general might be taken to this arrangement, but in this particular case it was considered that if the dining-room were being used, a servant would be waiting there and could very readily answer the front door call, while, if the dining-room were not being used for meals, it could quite well serve as a passage-way. About this arrangement I think there will be a difference of opinion, but details of house planning cannot be settled according to any hard-and-fast general principles, each case determining its own particular requirements, and in this instance the arrangement adopted was considered to be the most desirable.

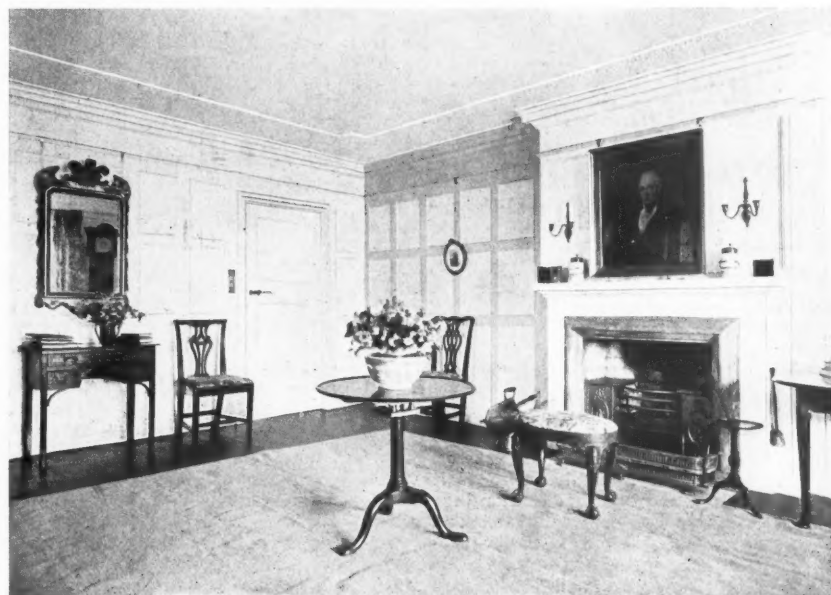
The hall, which comes between the dining-room and the drawing-room, is a very comfortable place in which to sit at any time. It has a red-tiled floor, distempered walls, and a white stone moulding to the brick fireplace. A few old oak pieces, including a fine cupboard, constitute the furnishing, in conjunction with the various accoutrements of war, Arab and otherwise; these being no antique-shop collection,



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DRAWING-ROOM I.

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FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR.

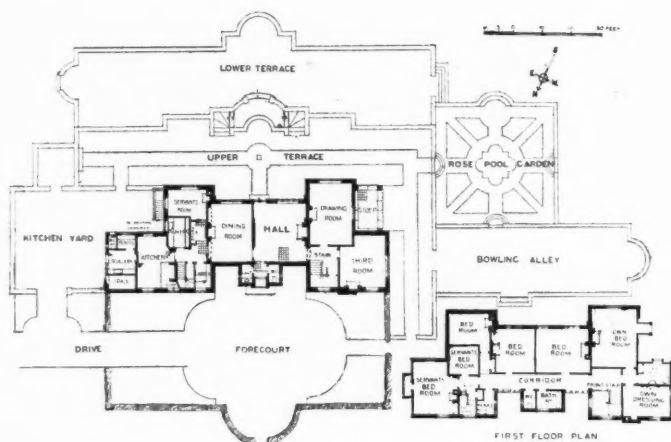
"COUNTRY LIFE."

but having an intimate connection—the South African ones particularly—with the owner's own military career.

The drawing-room is panelled out in wood painted white, with a Raeburn adding interest and fine colour on the chimney-piece. This room, like the hall and the dining-room, looks out over the sea, and on the west side has a doorway opening on to the stoep next the rose garden. The terraces are treated in a broad, restful manner. The walling, being newly made, has a somewhat crude look at present, but as time passes and the stones become interspersed with vegetation and flowers, all will become harmonious.

A good staircase, with well designed balusters, leads up to the first floor, where a corridor gives access to the bedrooms, of which there are six (one with dressing-room) and two bathrooms. The bedrooms have hot and cold water lavatory basins as built-in features, and these help largely in eliminating labour and promoting convenience. The hot water supply is furnished by an independent boiler in the cellar. Adjacent to the kitchen quarters is a little courtyard which adds interest to the general composition and at the same time screens the house service and embraces several useful but unalluring accommodations.

The name of the house is sufficiently curious to call for a word of explanation. Still higher up on the Downs is an



old farmhouse known as The Scene Farmhouse. It is from this building that the new house lower down the slope takes its title. Certainly it is a very pleasant example of modern domestic architecture, unaffected in design, convenient in its appointments, and enjoying a most glorious prospect. R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

AUTUMN HANDICAPS

HORSES IN THE CESAREWITCH.

I SUPPOSE it is quite safe to say that all people who take an interest in racing are attracted by those outstanding Autumn Handicaps, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. I have yet to meet anyone having absolutely no interest in them, and the fact therefore gives me some justification for writing in reference to them. The weights were published last week, and I daresay many people are endeavouring with more or less success to resist the temptation to bet at the comparatively long odds on offer now. Such a temptation does undoubtedly exist, for the fact is not to be denied that the popularity of the two races arises out of the opportunities they offer for betting. Think of the temptation they hold out to try for the double event. The bookmakers offer you about £500 to £1—an average price—at this stage, and the chance of winning so much with an outlay so small simply fascinates you. You do not pause to consider that the vast majority go through life without pulling off the "double." If it were otherwise you would not have bookmakers clamouring for custom and only too keen to take your humble sovereign's worth of paper.

They must make a fine thing of this quite animated business in double events, and, therefore, my advice is to give this part of the betting business a miss. It is hard enough to find a single winner. Think of the money scooped in a year ago when Brigand won at long odds for the Cambridgeshire and when Ivanhoe won the Cesarewitch at 100 to 6. It is true Ivanhoe was a generally backed horse throughout the country and he certainly figured in many doubles, but Brigand had been unconsidered, and I did not hear of any layer of fancy odds having to pay out over the double event. Of course, I know that preaching does not matter and that just as many folk, if not more, will have another try this autumn. The long odds and the slender risk make an irresistible appeal. The backer satisfies any scruples by reflecting that what he stands to lose he will not miss. If all betting were on that basis much of the evil associated with it would vanish. Trouble inevitably comes to those who lose more than they can afford and are merely trusting to good luck to justify them. They never learn that good luck is most elusive and is not forthcoming merely because it is ardently desired and badly wanted.

I am sure it is bad policy to bet on the Cesarewitch in particular weeks ahead of the day. There are so many big chances operating against you. By waiting you may miss the very long odds, but you have the inestimable advantage of knowing the important form of the horses in the interval. You know, too, which horses can really get the long course and which come through grinding preparations without accident. That is a great thing to know. What is the use of taking 33 to 1 now about a horse which may show bad form before the race and prove that he is much overweighted or incapable of staying two miles and a quarter? Is it not much better to take 10 to 1 on the day knowing that your horse is perfectly trained and has answered all preliminary tests to such purpose as to have a big chance of winning? With the Cambridgeshire it is rather different. The stamina test does not come in, for, after all, so very few horses get a Cesarewitch course, while many can get the nine furlongs of the Cambridgeshire. Then the chances of breaking down during the preparation for the shorter race are not as big.

Mr. T. F. Dawkins, who has made these handicaps, is a very able man. There is no better handicapper in the country, and everyone has confidence in his work. Thus it will not be my endeavour here to seek out weaknesses in his work, that is, as regards finding horses unduly favoured on their form in the matter of weight. Such points, after all, must be matters of opinion, which can only be confirmed or otherwise by the running in the interval and, of course, by the actual race itself. Mr. Dawkins has placed Tangiers at the head of the Cesarewitch with 9st. 5lb. A horse which claims an Ascot Cup victory was bound to be well looked after. It was so with Willonyx, who won the Cup at Ascot in 1911 and was given exactly the same weight, 9st. 5lb., for the Cesarewitch. Moreover, he won under it. I can imagine Tangiers having plenty of supporters were he to be specially trained for the race, but let us at least await the result of the Doncaster Cup race to-day. Let us see how Buchan and Galloper Light treat him.

I am told the French horse, Passebreil, is very good, and, of course, his weight of 9st. 2lb., suggests that Mr. Dawkins knew something about him. The other French horse, Juveigneur (9st. 11lb.) ran pretty well behind Buchan and Tangiers at Ascot. Personally, I do not fancy either Keysoe or The Midshipmite (each 8st. 8lb.). The one does not stay the distance, and the other ran most sourly for the Ebor Handicap at York last month. Another that does not stay is King John (8st. 7lb.), and on the same mark as Ivanhoe (8st. 6lb.) is Comrade. You cannot fancy last year's winner on his form in 1920, and I can make no excuses for him. Apparently he is not as good as he was. It is a complaint common to aged horses. Comrade, still unbeaten, is set to give 11lb. to the Derby winner Spion Kop. Again in this case let us await events at Doncaster. I gain the idea that this year's winner is not unlikely to come from those weighted lower than 8st. We have the three year old Blue Dun in at 7st. 13lb. It is quite a lot for a three year old to carry, but Air Raid won two years ago under 8st. 11lb. The history of the race, however, shows that it is at least unusual for a three year old to win except under a light weight.

Blue Dun is admittedly a fine mare, but she will have to be all that to win under her weight. A staying three year old I like is The Alder at 7st. 9lb., and all things considered, I would prefer Blue Dun for the Cambridgeshire, in which her weight is precisely the same. Many people are on the look-out for the four year old Chat Tor, and at 7st. 9lb. he does undoubtedly appeal. He was wrong subsequent to running so well for the Ascot Stakes, but if he went through a preparation to the satisfaction of Alec Taylor I should be inclined to say that what beats him will win. You will not fail to notice that there is a big "if" about what I have written. Aris (7st. 7lb.) has won over the distance, and you simply must respect proved stayers, as stamina is necessarily a first essential. We shall hear much in due course about Bracket (7st. 5lb.)—I think Blue Dun would give her the weight—Rowland and Cavalier (each 7st. 4lb.), and Harrier (7st. 3lb.). The latter may well prove to be a good thing at the weights. It is undoubted that he is a fine natural stayer and that he stays well. Both Rowland and Harrier are trained by the Hon. George Lambton, who I do not believe has ever trained a Cesarewitch winner. But I am sure he knows well what is required to win. The Cambridgeshire can well

be discussed later, and for the moment I need merely remark that I like best at the weights Blue Dun (7st. 13lb.), Orpheus (7st. 12lb.), Most Beautiful (7st. 4lb.) and Fancy Man (7st. 2lb.), all three year olds. I am always attracted by a three year old for the Cambridgeshire. Three year olds won every year from 1913 to 1918.

To-day there should be a most interesting race at Doncaster for the Cup, assuming nothing occurs to prevent Buchan, Galloper Light and Tangiers from competing. Buchan, I think, will beat Tangiers, and therefore prove how desperately unlucky he was to transgress at Ascot and so be deprived of the Gold Cup in favour of Sir William Nelson's horse. Galloper Light, however, is likely to beat them both. I was greatly impressed with him at Derby the other day when he was given his first race for over a year. He came out in great heart and shape, and unless to-day's race should prove me wrong, I regard him as the best horse got by Sunstar. He won in good style at Derby, and he would be all the better for that race. The only thing against him now is that he is an unlucky horse. He would doubtless have won the Derby but for the death of his nominator, and though he won the Grand Prix, he went wrong last November and early this year developed some nasty splint trouble. But he showed us in the paddock and in the race at Derby that he is all right again now, and I shall be much surprised if he does not win. The only other suggestion I will make for the concluding day at Doncaster is Eaglehawk to win the Prince of Wales' Nursery.

PHILIPPOS.

LAWN TENNIS

NEARING THE END OF THE SEASON.

THE grass court season rushes rapidly to its close. Next week—with an extension into the following one for finishing—sees the end of it, and the game then retires into winter quarters, consisting of a few hard court tournaments, mostly in the London area, and the covered court meetings at Craigside and Queen's Club. And, naturally, as the end approaches, players become keener than ever to get "one more knock" before putting their rackets away for the winter (for it is only the comparative few who care for the chilly and rather dismal delights of open air hard court play after September is out), and almost overwhelm with their numbers the tournaments which wind up the season. This year more than ever. Last week there were 400 matches on the programme at Folkestone, 550 at what used to be a tiny tournament at Budleigh Salterton, and 650 at Bexhill, a tournament only in its seventh year. This week at Brighton there is another huge entry, and doubtless Sidmouth has the same tale to tell. In addition to the "ordinary" programme at Brighton, matters are complicated further by the events confined to Sussex players, which alone account for about 250 matches, and liberally allow a local player who burns for more than local fame to enter for no fewer than eleven events in all! And of this allowance several have taken full advantage.

Fortunately there seems to be a tradition that September is a month when the weather-controller takes his holiday, and "low-pressures" and "cyclones," in the most sporting manner, refuse to take a mean advantage of his absence. Eastbourne, by far the most enormous of all tournaments, which begins next Monday and finishes some time in the middle of the following week, is a good example of the kindness of September weather to lawn tennis players. It has fallen to me to manage this gigantic meeting ever since B. C. Eveleigh died in 1910—five tournaments in all, and in the whole of those forty-five days' play I have only had to shut down play twice on account of rain. (I touch wood!). A wet Eastbourne would be an unthinkable calamity. Fancy a mixed doubles handicap of a couple of hundred pairs—it has never quite touched the 200 yet, but I see it coming very soon!—compelled to go into "best-of-one-advantage-set" matches in order to finish even in the fortnight! Possibly, however, the Eastbourne entry this year may not be quite so Brobdingnagian as it normally is, even allowing for the unprecedented boom in the game; for the Hythe Tournament, which normally follows Eastbourne, this year comes in the same week. It will be interesting to see the effect of this innovation; but those players whose normal custom it is to play at both these meetings must be confronted with a really horrid problem as to which they shall attend this year. And when they have made their choice you must figure to yourself (as Mr. H. G. Wells remarks) their emotions if they find that the chosen Hythe is wet, while glorious sunshine beams on the crowds at Eastbourne, or vice versa! But let us hope both will be fine—a good finish to a season which will be numbered among the bad weather years.

Somewhere or other I possess a "Bibliography of Lawn Tennis," compiled by a man who must have been a real enthusiast. It was published more than twenty years ago and is quite a fat little volume of some sixty pages. What its proportions would be if it were brought up to date it is difficult to imagine. For of the making of books about lawn tennis there seems to be no end. (I have even been guilty of two myself, and certainly intend to "do it again.") The latest work I have seen is a modest little book by Maurice E. McLoughlin, that shock-haired American

who created such a sensation by winning the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon in 1912, introducing more diabolical developments of service than man had hitherto dreamt of. "Lawn Tennis for the Beginner," as Mr. McLoughlin entitles his book, will no doubt go like hot cakes in the States, and young English players may get a good deal of information from it if they can get hold of a copy. It is always interesting to know how the master of a stroke produces (or thinks he produces) that stroke; and Mr. McLoughlin, naturally, specialises on service. There used to be much controversy as to whether he served foot-faults; but the camera (which does occasionally tell the truth) proved that he did not. If his description of his methods is correct, the camera would seem to be no liar. His book, as is the case with most books written by men who really know what they are writing about, is well worth study.

F. R. BURROW.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE "INELIGIBLE" AMATEUR.

SOME people seem to augur "sensational incidents" from the definitions of amateur and professional golfers that have now been published as a result of the recent conference between the Championship Committee and the Overseas Delegates. I am afraid they will be disappointed. The exciting clause appears to be that declaring that the Championship Committee can declare an amateur "ineligible" to take part in amateur tournaments under its jurisdiction. But this clause, I take it, only states in print the right to refuse an entry, and is chiefly there because America likes it to be. The U.S.G.A. had, some little time ago, a good deal of trouble over pseudo-amateurs, and went very thoroughly to work to get rid of it. It appears that young players were offered, on account of their skill, positions in big stores dealing in golfing goods, and their so-called work consisted in playing in tournaments to the greater glory of their employers. There was also a tendency for players to make a tour of hotel golf courses in the South, playing matches for which they were in part paid, although the transaction was hidden under a fiction that they were advising as to bunkering the courses. Both these practices the U.S.G.A. very properly disapproved and set itself most vigorously and successfully to stamp out. Any amateur who should now do such a thing would be put on their "ineligible list." He is not termed a professional, because the professionals do not like black sheep amateurs classed in their straightforward profession; if a club likes to have him he can play in its tournament, but he cannot play in the Amateur Championship. Over here we have not had the same difficulties to contend with, but there is no harm in being ready.

THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" TOURNAMENT.

The professionals in their different sections have begun to be busy in qualifying for the *News of the World* Tournament, which is to be played at Mid-Surrey on October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. It has been played there twice before—in 1904 and 1908—and on both occasions Taylor, with his foot on his native heath, has been victorious. In 1904 he beat Toogood in the final, and four years later Robson. This last was a great match and only ended on the thirty-sixth green. Robson, till then almost unknown, played wonderfully well and held a substantial lead of three holes, I think, at lunch time. It was a great stern chase for Taylor, and altogether one of the most exciting matches that I ever saw. One or two incidents in it remain very vividly in my memory, perhaps because it was almost the first big match of which I ever tried to write an account. One of these was a little chip by Taylor with the ball lying clean in the bunker close to the tenth green. He had, if I remember rightly, got back all his losses, and despite this bunker, he had the best of the hole. And then he did what he would only do once in a blue moon, fluffed this simple little shot. It nearly lost him the match, for it gave Robson heart of grace again at a most critical moment. Another little scene in my mind is of the thirty-fifth green—Taylor one up and with a putt of 6ft. or 7ft. for the match. I can see him take off his cap and mop his brow before attacking it and then the ball just would not drop. However, he made no mistake at the last, which he played gloriously and won the match by two. He will take a great deal of beating this year unless I am mistaken.

THE QUALITIES OF MID-SURREY.

I always think that Mid-Surrey is a very advantageous course for the man who knows it, and deceitful to the stranger. It looks so particularly simple-minded and above board. "Here you are," it seems to say, "there are absolutely no tricks about me. I am not blind. You can see where you're going. I am perfectly flat. As long as you keep straight you'll never get a bad lie or an uneven stance. I have the best greens in the world, and if you do not get into the hole it will always be your own fault." All of that is quite true, and yet there is plenty to know about the course. Those very greens, beautiful as they are, are apt to beat the visitor by their pace; the ball runs on and on out of holing so easily, and for all they look flat, the greens are full of charming, deceiving little ripples. Then there are certain

shots there that are difficult by their very plainness. The second shot to the fourth seems to me one; there is very little to guide the eye, and there are some little run-ups to the greens at the second, twelfth and fourteenth, for example, of which the pace is very hard to gauge. The difficulty of the course varies very greatly, for all but the most accurate drivers, according to the ruthlessness or mercy of the authorities; that is, it can be made

very narrow if the rough grass at the sides is left long, or there can be a considerable margin for error if, as is more general, allowance is made for human frailty. But, in any case, good, sound golf gets its reward. Some people say that a game there is not so much a game as an examination in golf. There is some truth in this, but, personally, I think the examination is interesting as well as a searching one.

NATURE NOTES

WILD LIFE IN GALLOWAY

THE wild world, which is the old, is invaded by the cultivated, which is the new. In the Galloway of today, in spite of increased drainage, there is a wealth of interesting forms of life. The wild hills of the north, where three counties meet—Ayr, Wigtown and Kirkcudbright—have still their ravens and rare falconidae; and, in the south of this wilder hilly region, within 300 yds. of a village in Balmaghie parish, a fallow deer stood and looked at me as I fished on the other side of a burn.

The insect order is richly represented. In that same neighbourhood it was as in ancient Egypt as regards flies. But of the more interesting species of winged things, we remark a large fritillary which I have never seen anywhere else in Scotland, and the great caterpillar of one of the eggar moths on the meadowsweet which, with the bog-myrtle, abounds everywhere. There are several varieties of the rarer wasps and the wasp-like and bee-like flies (Syrphidae), and I captured a four-winged neuropterous fly that must have been nearly zins, across the wings (probably a *Stenophylax*). Three or four varieties of dragonflies abound, lightening the gloomy peat ditches, for the damp of the surroundings is favourable to such, though unsuited to the growth of many other orders. I have seen nothing yet in the way of hawk-moths, though honeysuckle flourishes and hedgerows grow high in many parts; for example, in the Glenkens, or glens of the Ken, between Loch Ken and Carsphairn, east of the mighty range of Kells.

The loneliness of the vista, either near Carsphairn, or from the heights of Locheneck, in Balmaghie, westward towards Gatehouse-on-Fleet, is indescribable. And, generally speaking, you can find solitudes everywhere, with only a weasel crossing the path and a ptarmigan overhead, and, in the evening, a heron, as I have seen it in the tiny lochs that abound. On Woodhall Loch, one of the larger lochs, we saw two cormorants presumably on the watch for perch, as the trout have been almost exterminated by pike.

Near Laurieston, we came on a freshly slaughtered blindworm, which a paterfamilias before us had evidently mistaken for an adder. This creature accounts beneficially for a good many of the objectionable flies; but whether it does so for the enormous slugs that occupy the same road, I cannot say. On the Mossdale road, the route taken by the hero of Mr. Crockett's "Raiders," we found an adder, and mistook it for a moment for a blindworm, after the previous experience. It should not have been allowed to escape.

Between Moniaive and Dalry in Kirkcudbright, near Dalry, there was a migration of frogs and toads on the thoroughfare to an embarrassing extent; but the newt I have only seen once, and it seemed too large and round for the common variety. The beautiful green lizards of the Ayrshire Coast seem unfortunately absent, which may partially account for the profusion of insect life, which is very remarkable in a neighbourhood slightly wooded and where the war has devastated the few forests for years to come.

The kestrel which we saw descend in a potato field near Castle Douglas had probably sighted an emerging mole, but it did not rise again—and this reminds us that all these smaller forms are continually observed by keener eyes than ours, at a greater advantage. Yet a harvest-mouse permitted me to lift and handle it, making no effort to escape. It may have been a tame runaway, like the white and yellow mouse I once captured as a wild albino in Perthshire, or, possibly, the parrot-like bird we saw on the Auchencairn road, but could not identify. Black rabbits and swans here seem to be in a wild state, together with a vegetable parallel in the red and yellow broom, assumed to be a garden offshoot.

The botanical wealth is great, and in late May we drove through a veritable ravine of flowers to the Solway, by Palnackie, with blue fields of hyacinths, purple hills of cranes-bill, white hills of hawthorn, all about, and streams winding, and

Red loosestrife and blond
Meadowsweet among.

Space forbids prolonged scientific descriptions, or more than a reference to the somewhat inaccessible lochs of Enoch, Neldricken and Valley; of the possibility of finding the bittern there; of the trout in Loch Enoch, a variety in which we see

evolution at work in the action of the hard sand in removing half of the tail; of Loch-in-Loch, with its island lakelet. And time forbids; for the sunset has long since burned itself out beyond Screel from whose heights you can see the sea and Cumberland.

ASHMORE WINGATE.

THE FEARLESSNESS OF STOATS.

One afternoon this summer a party of three was sauntering down the hazel-lined lane which winds around Bulverton Hill, near Sidmouth, when we were checked in our walk by a pretty sight. At first glance we took it to be a group of hedge-sparrows flirting the dust on the near side of the lane, and coming up towards us. A second glimpse suggested rats or ratlings. At length, as we stood stock still, we realised that a jolly little troupe of "dancing" stoats was playing follow-my-leader up the lane, emitting noises like the purring of a kettle, but the quality of the sound was more woolly and the beat slower.

Like all immature youngsters—they were five in number—they were beautiful to watch. They lacked the sleek, sinuous grace of the adult ermine, for they were fluffy like a colt, and possessed the same attractive clumsiness of action as they came tumbling along. When they sighted us suddenly the purring of the leader became more pronounced, and they went helter-skelter across the land to the hedge between the path and a cornfield where the wheat stood in shocks. But our presence—and they had doubtless winded us as well as glimpsed us—did not deter the plump and daring tumblers from pursuing their objective. For, a moment after they had disappeared, they scuttled out on to the road again, in proximity to the sheltering hedge, and gambolled on towards us. We were able to see the woolly brownish bodies and their narrow little shirt-fronts. They were within 2 yds. of us before they broke up and ran into the undergrowth. We heard the whole litter purring and rustling in the leaves, and saw one or two peeping from the top of the bank; and then they ran back, crossed the lane in full view, and came bustling up the opposite hedge. They had important business in the wheat-field—whatever it may have been—for presently they crossed the road above us, still bubbling like miniature kettles, and vanished.

I make no doubt that the stoat fully deserves his reputation for fearlessness; and the incident illustrates the natural courage of the animal rather than a decrease in wariness, resulting from recent immunity from man, "the killer." But I am reminded of another stoat experience. It was on the Broads, and at the time I had no notion that the creature is an eater of fish—when he can get it. I was fishing at Horning Ferry from a boat in which I camped, and, having hooked a half-pound bream I had thrown the slimy catch upon the "rod." For some minutes I was conscious of the fish rustling in the short reed stuff; but when I heard it leaping violently as with a new lease of life, I turned round. To my amazement a fully-grown stoat had seized my fish by the shoulders and the half-dead bream was flapping heavily. The determined little hunter was not more than 5 ft. from me, and considerably less than that from my artist companion on the bank. I whispered the artist to look, and together we watched the ermine take the bream from under our very noses. The fish was heavy for the stoat, and too long to clear the grass, so the agile robber was compelled to drag it off in a series of short bounds, exactly as the lion is said to carry off a gazelle or an antelope.

W. J. B.

BLACK-TAILED GODWITS IN LANCASHIRE THIS SUMMER.

When Mitchell wrote his "Birds of Lancashire" the black-tailed godwit was evidently a rare bird, for only three records of its occurrence in the county are mentioned, all of them in September. In "British Birds," Vol. V, I recorded two more, and in Vol. X, six more, all of them in autumn and winter. During the autumns and winters of 1917, 1918 and 1919 the bird was of regular occurrence in small numbers on the Lancashire coast, particularly so as a migrant in the autumns of these years. It is now my pleasant duty to record the occurrence of a flock of no fewer than nine in the summer, on a marsh in south-west Lancashire, where they were first seen on June 1st, and also the arrival a day or two later of a pair in full breeding plumage, the first nine being evidently immature birds. As the marsh is well secluded and in all ways suitable, I am hoping that the last arrivals will nest there.

H. W. ROBINSON.